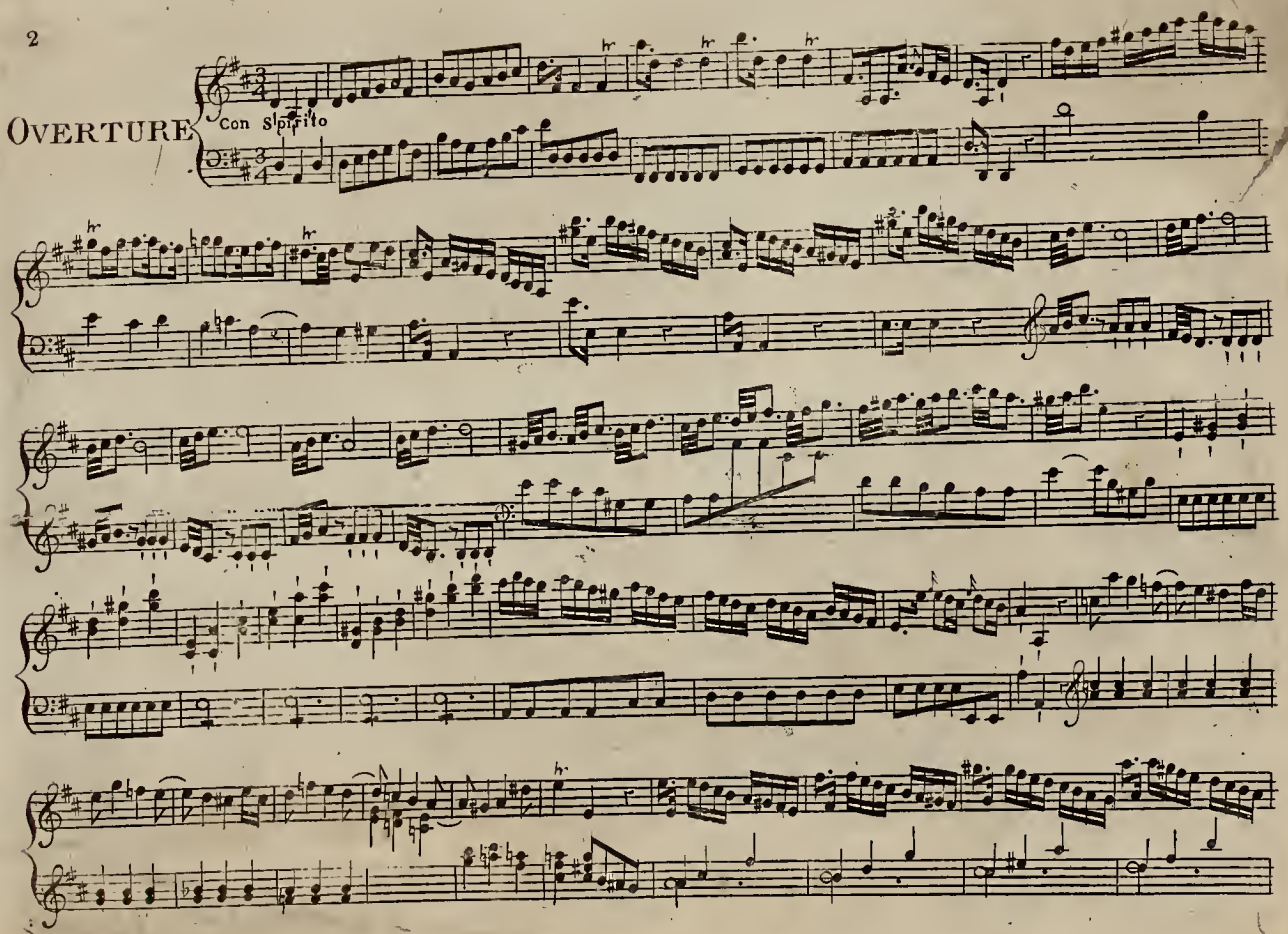
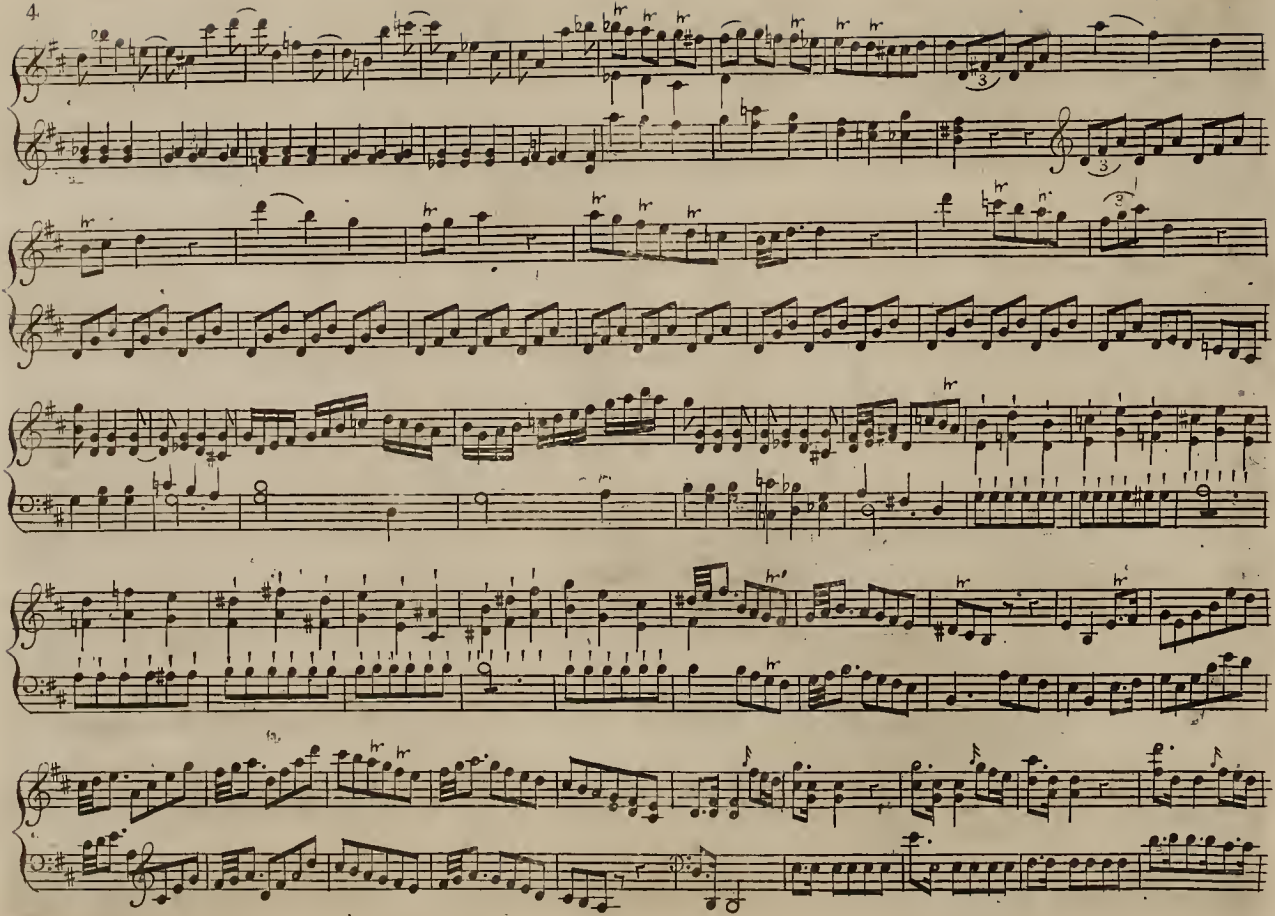
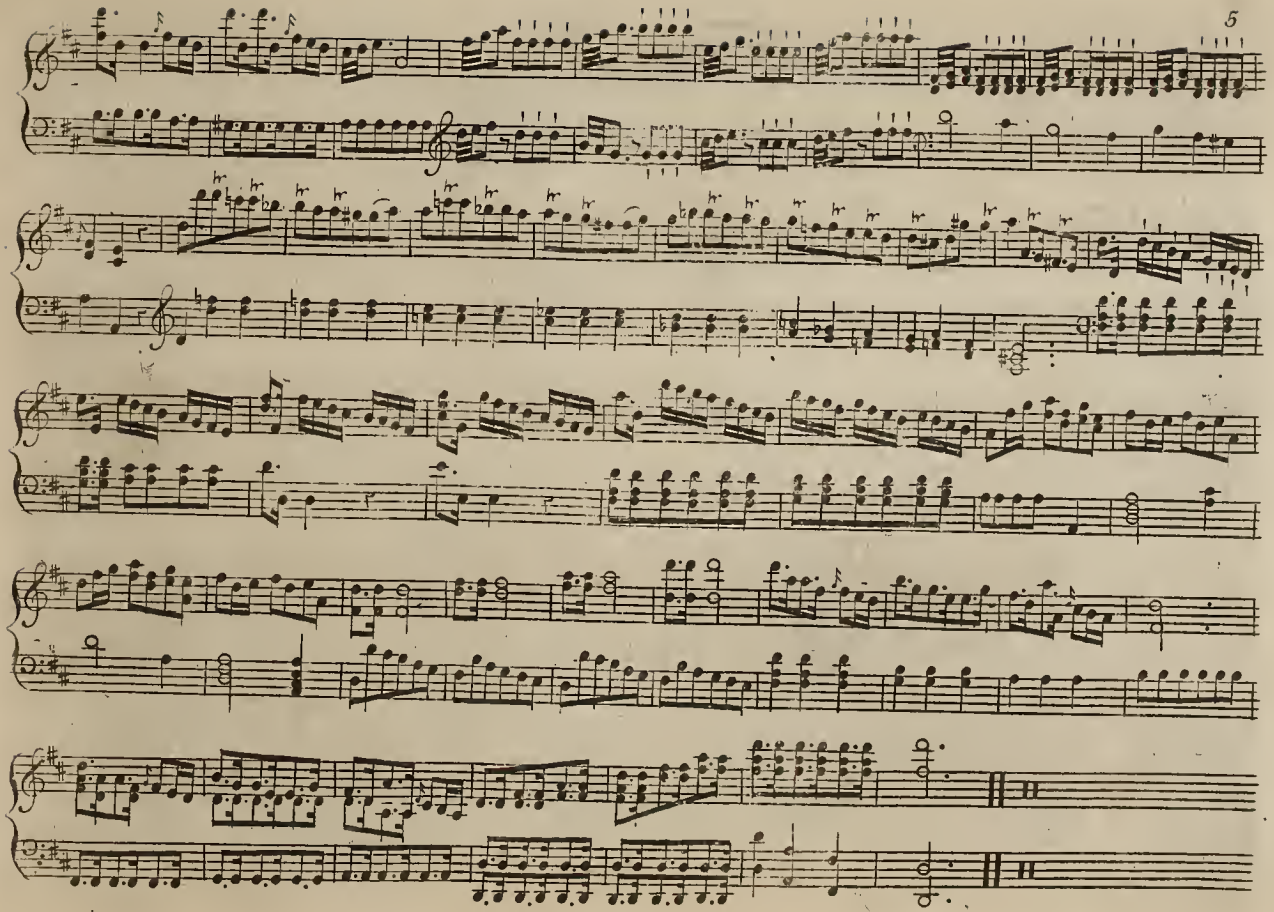
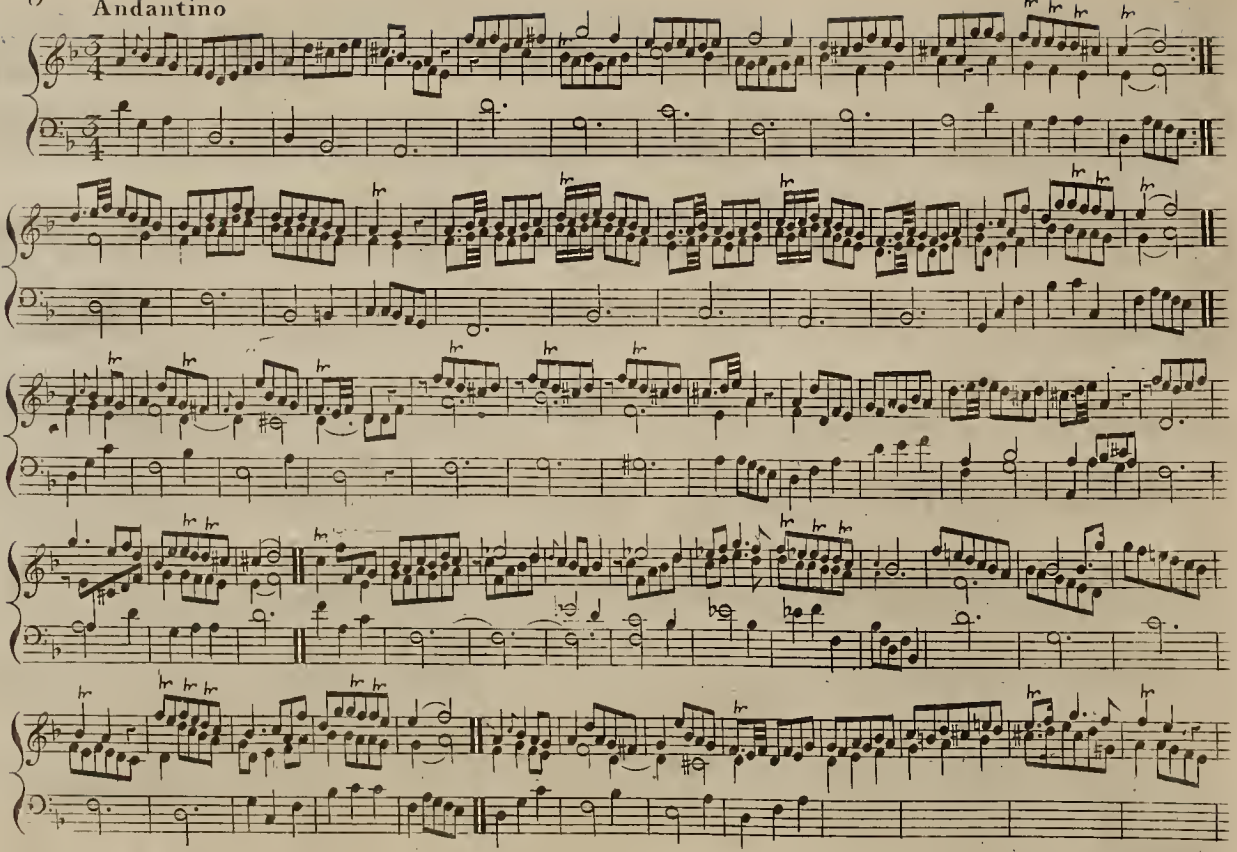
OVERTURE

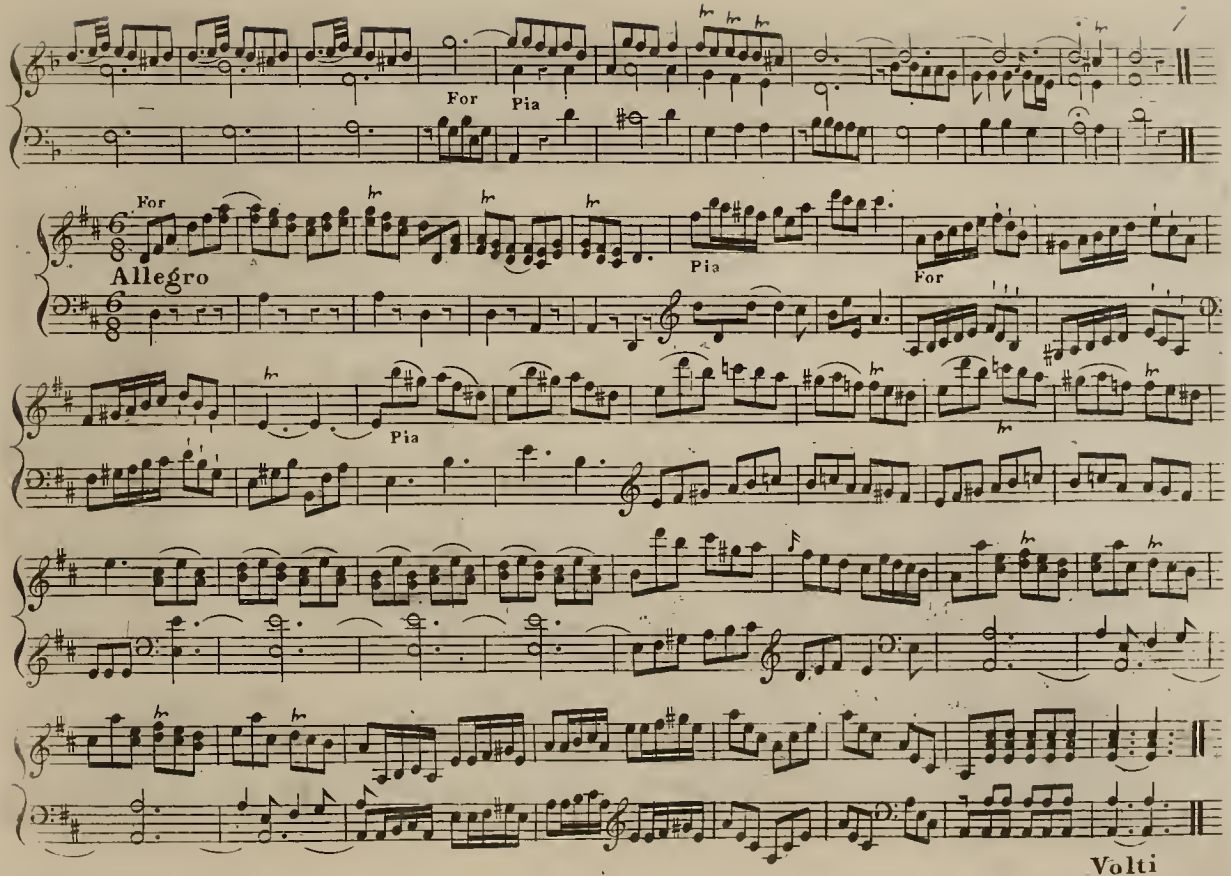


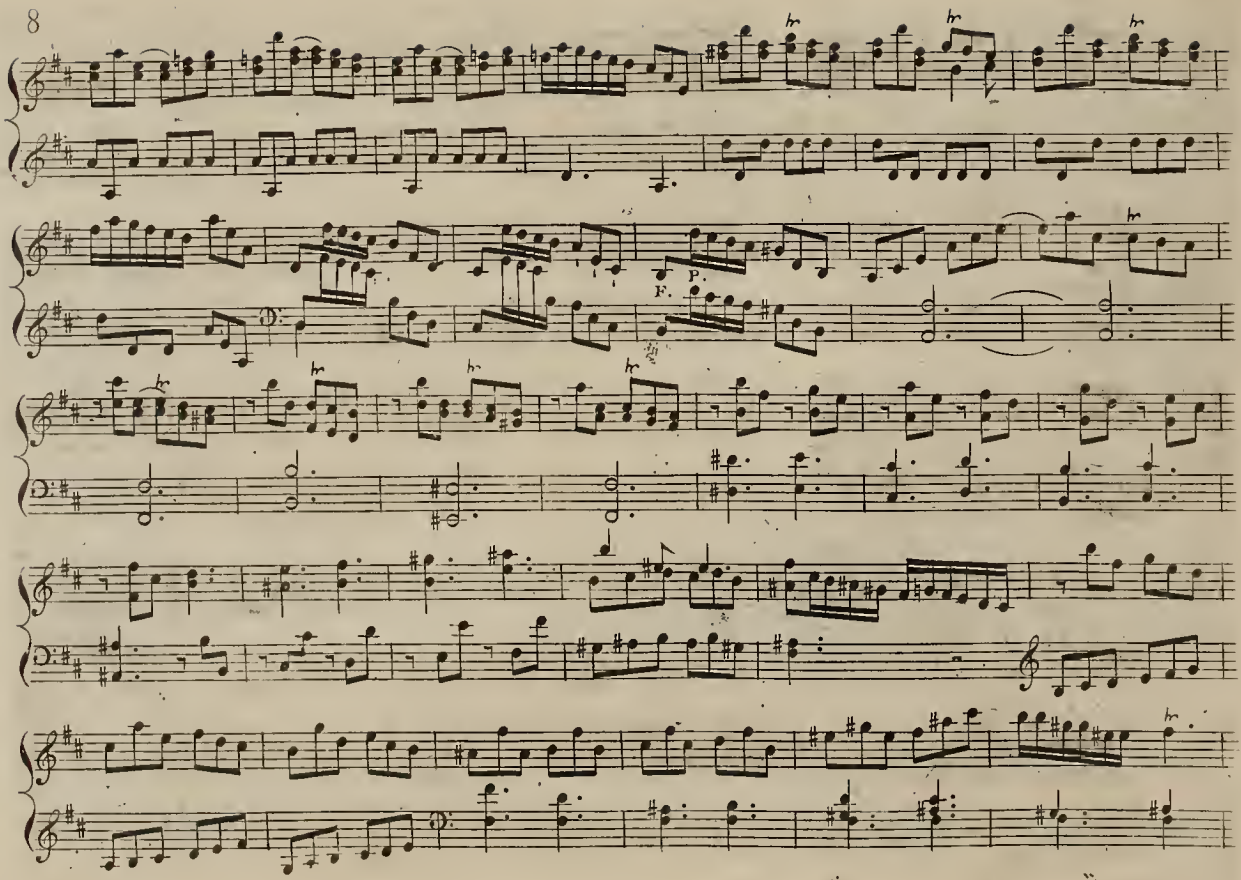


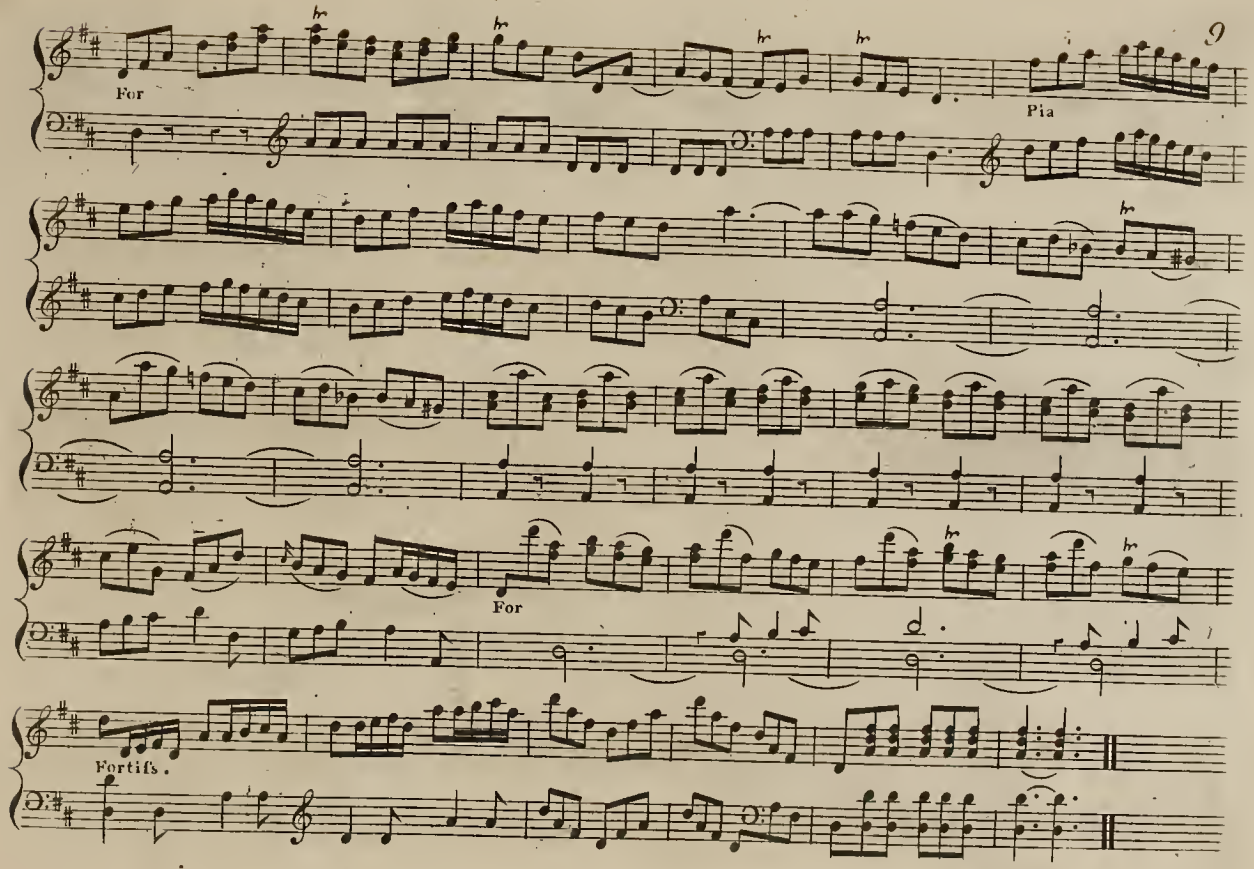


Andantino

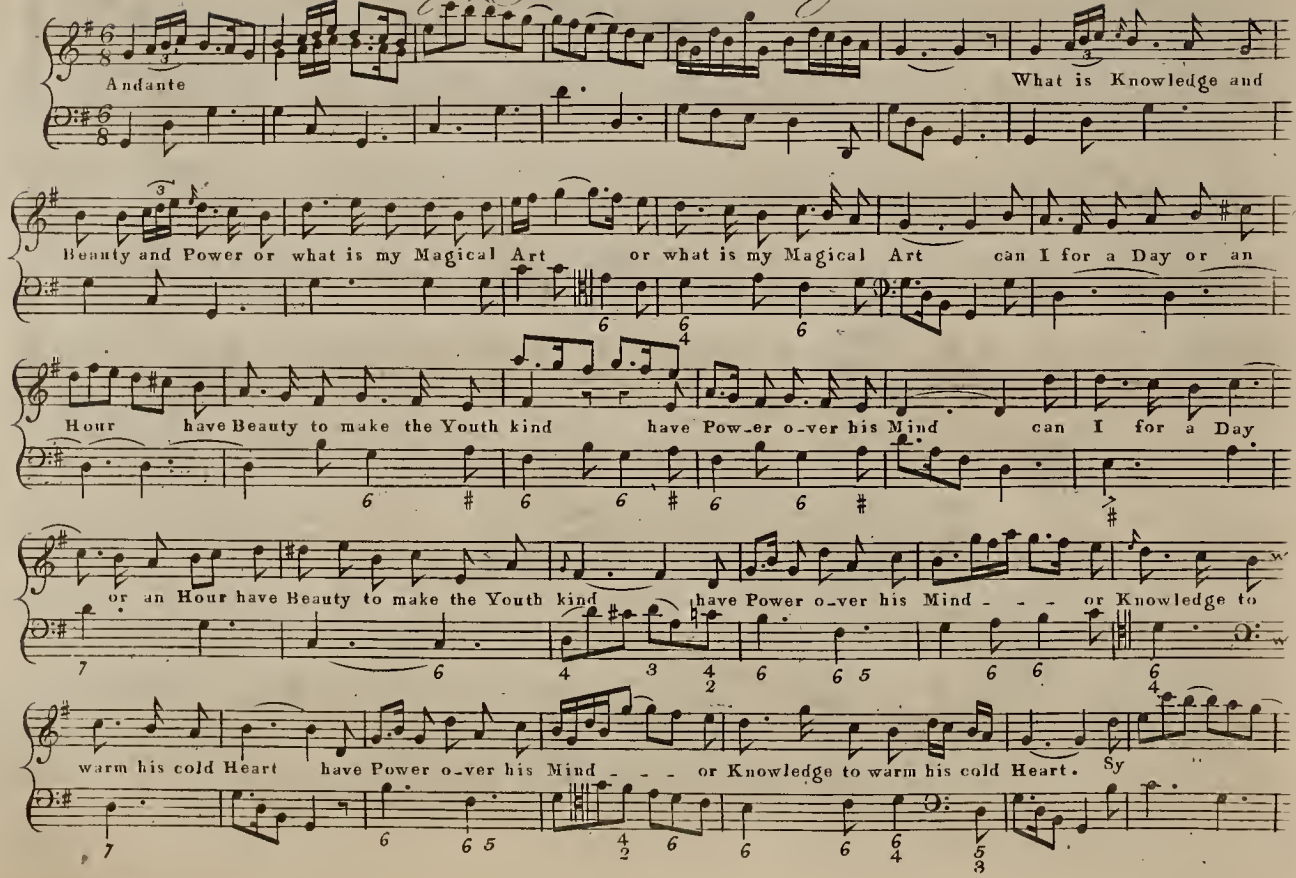


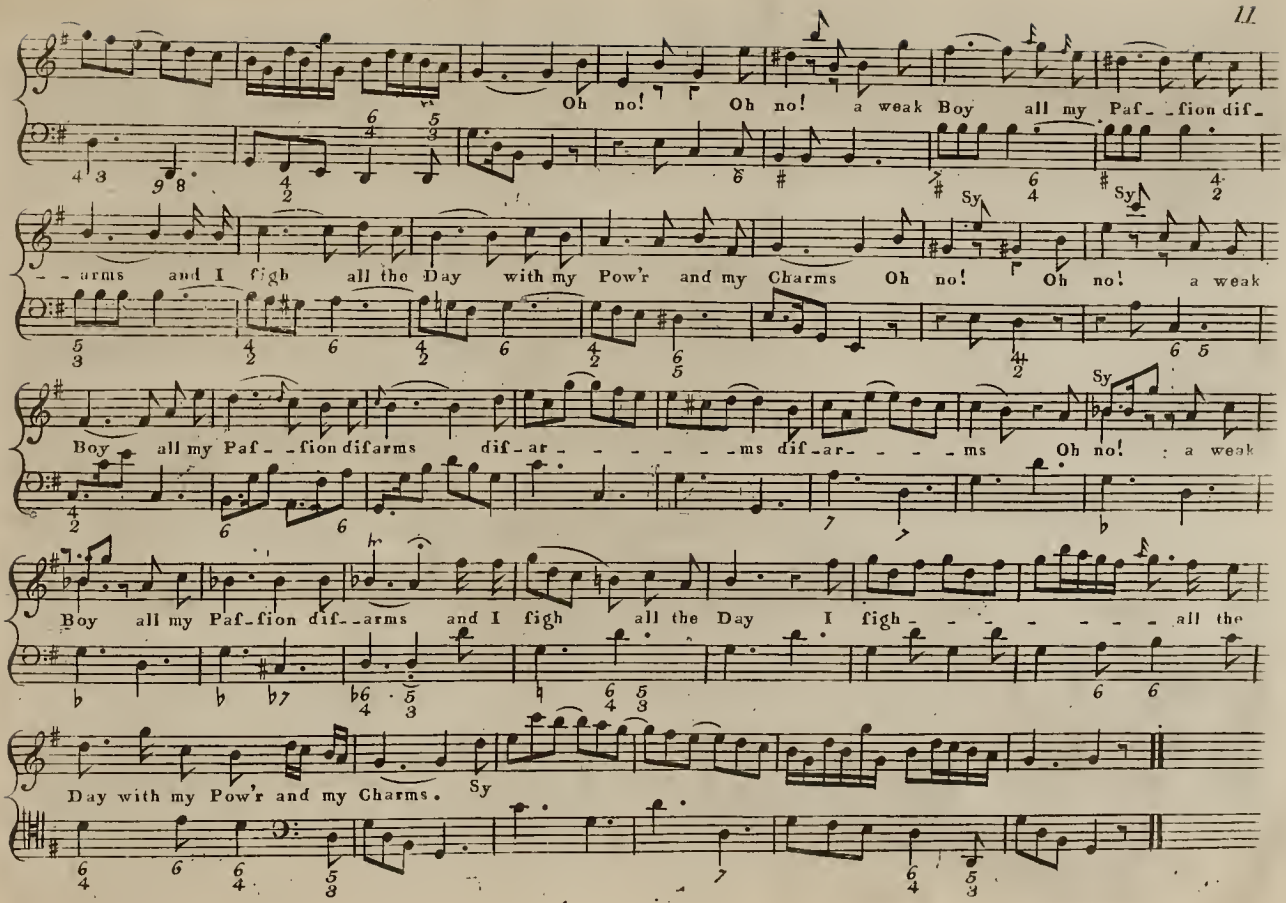

For
Pia
For
Allegro
Pia
For
Pia
Volti


P.
F.

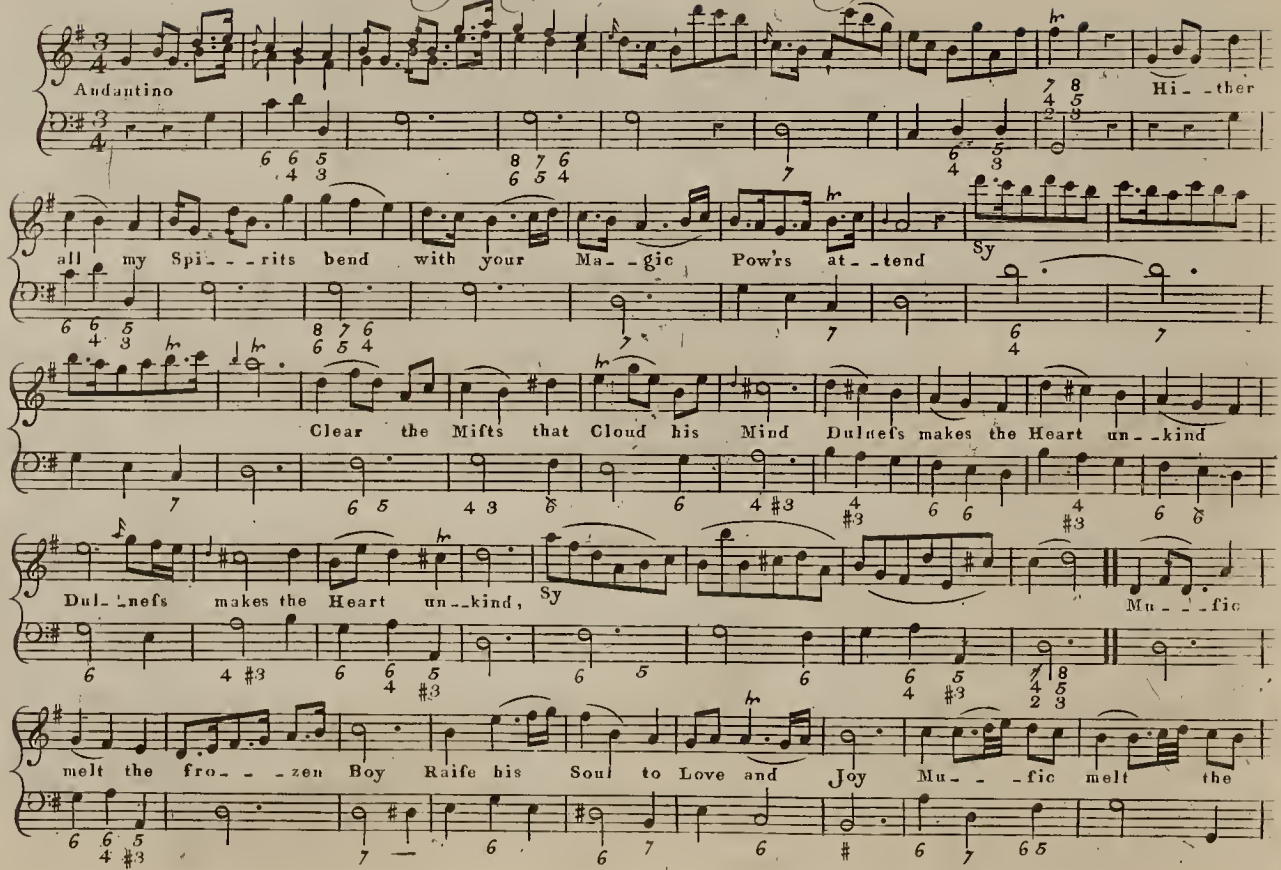

For
Pia
For
Fortifs.

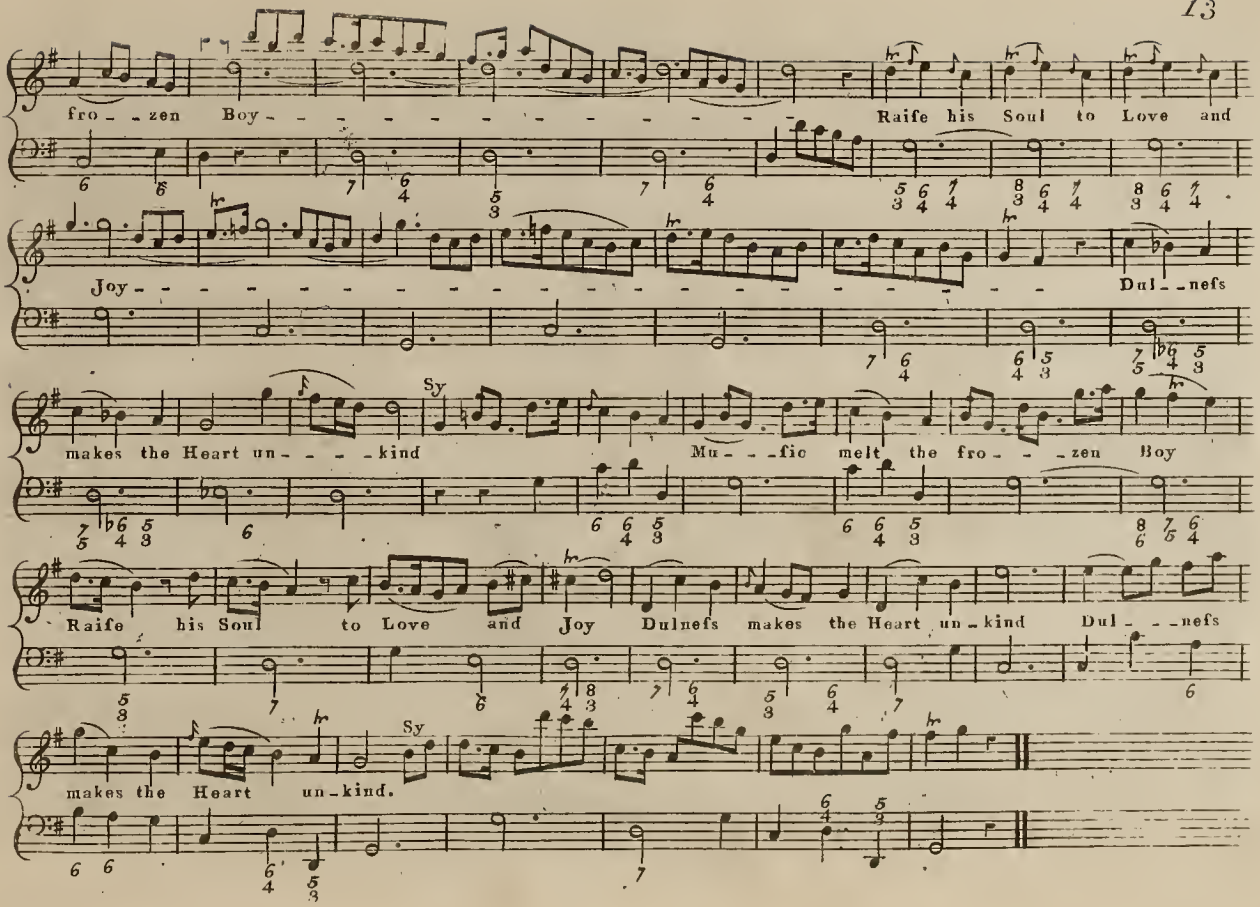
Sung by Mrs Baddely


Andante
What is Knowledge and
Beauty and Power or what is my Magical Art
or what is my Magical Art
can I for a Day or an
Hour
have Beauty to make the Youth kind
have Pow-er o-ver his Mind
can I for a Day
or an Hour have Beauty to make the Youth kind
have Power o-ver his Mind - - -
or Knowledge to
warm his cold Heart
have Power o-ver his Mind - - -
or Knowledge to warm his cold Heart.
Sy

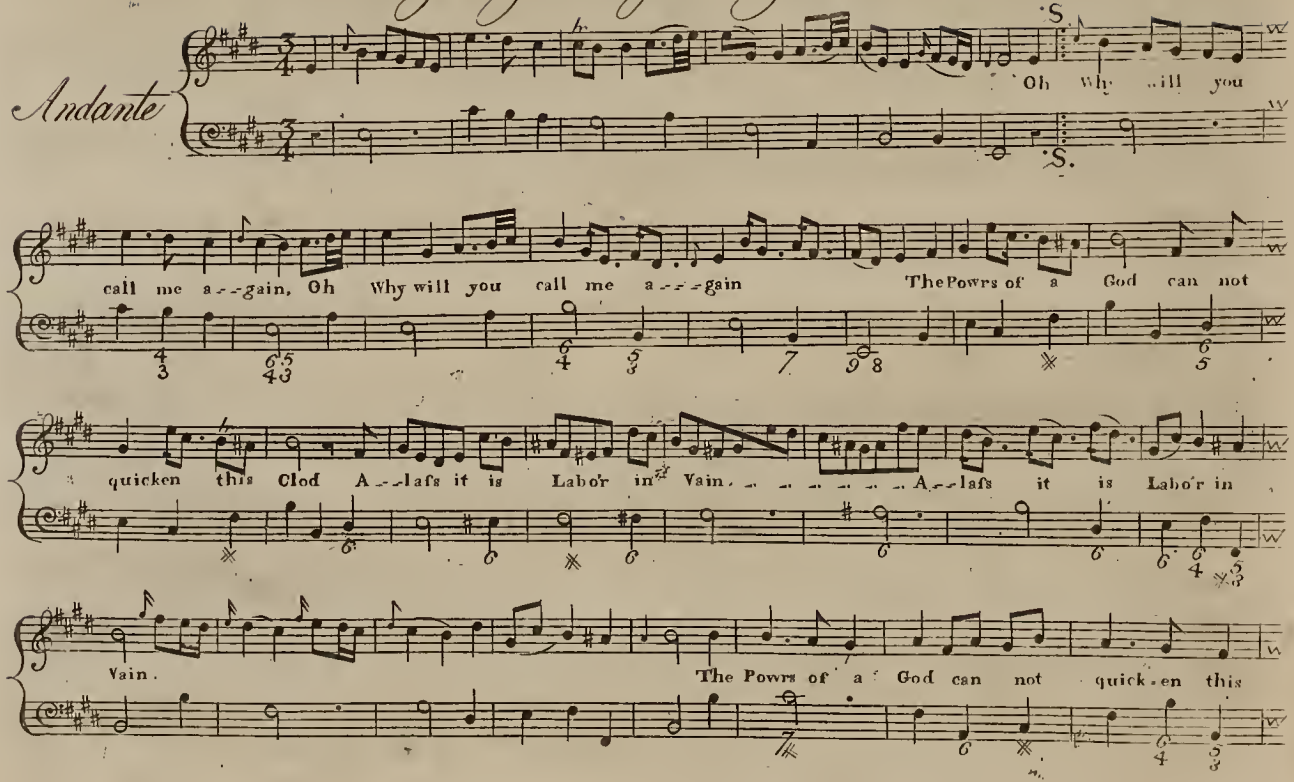

Oh no! Oh no! a weak Boy all my Paf_ _fion dif_
Sy
Sy
_ _ arms and I figh all the Day with my Pow'r and my Charms Oh no! Oh no! a weak
Sy
Boy all my Paf_ _fion difarms dif_ar_ _ _ _ _ _ms dif_ar_ _ _ _ms Oh no! : a weak
Boy all my Paf_fion dif_ _arms and I figh all the Day I figh_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ all the
Sy
Day with my Pow'r and my Charms.

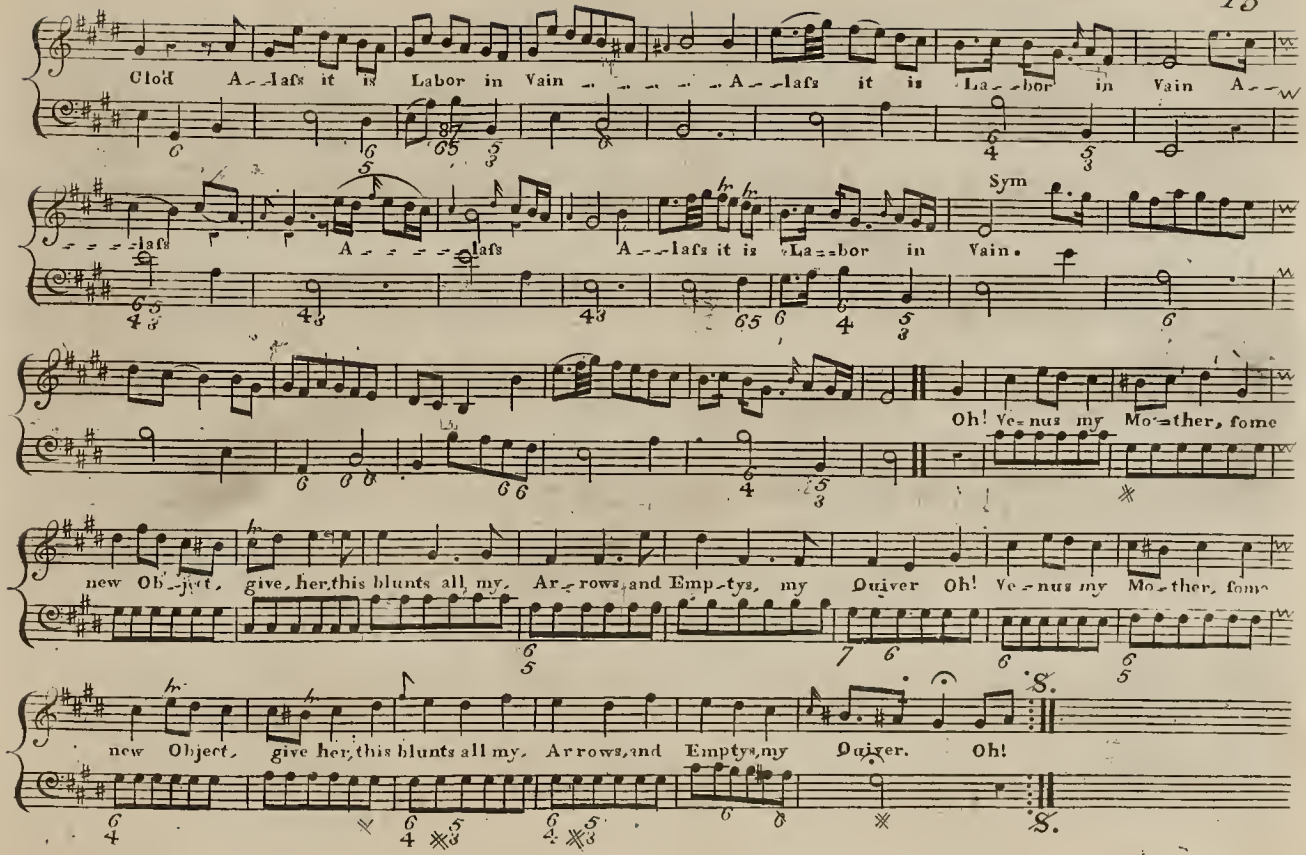
Sung by Mrs Baddely


Andantino
Hi_ _ther
all my Spi_ _ _rits bend with your Ma_ _gic Pow'rs at_ _tend
Sy
Clear the Mifts that Cloud his Mind Dulneſs makes the Heart un_ _kind
Dul_ _neſs makes the Heart un_ _kind,
Sy
Mu_ _ _ſic
melt the fro_ _ _zen Boy Raiſe his Soul to Love and Joy Mu_ _ _ſic melt the

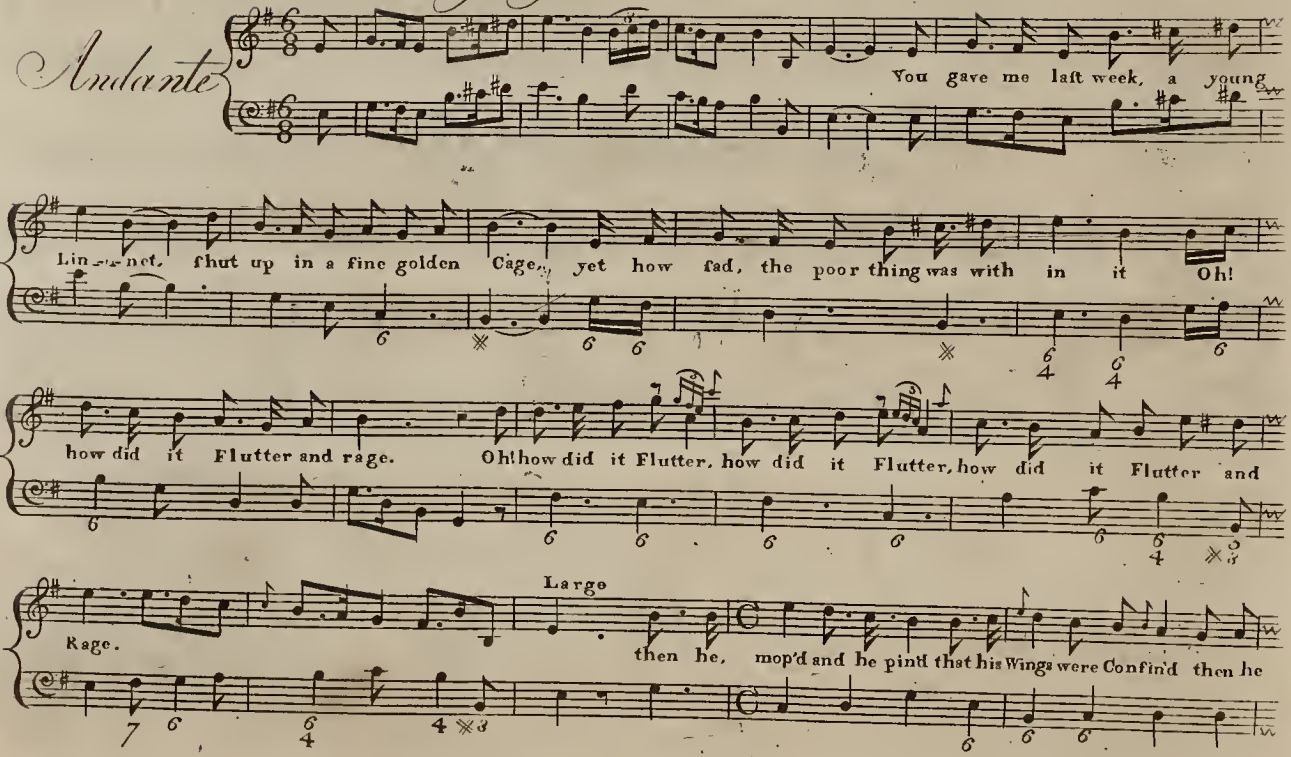

fro - - zen Boy - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Raife his Soul to Love and
Joy -
Dul - - nefs
Sy
makes the Heart un - - - - kind
Mu - - - fic melt the fro - - - zen Boy
Raife his Soul to Love and Joy Dulnefs makes the Heart un - kind
Dul - - - nefs
Sy
makes the Heart un - kind.

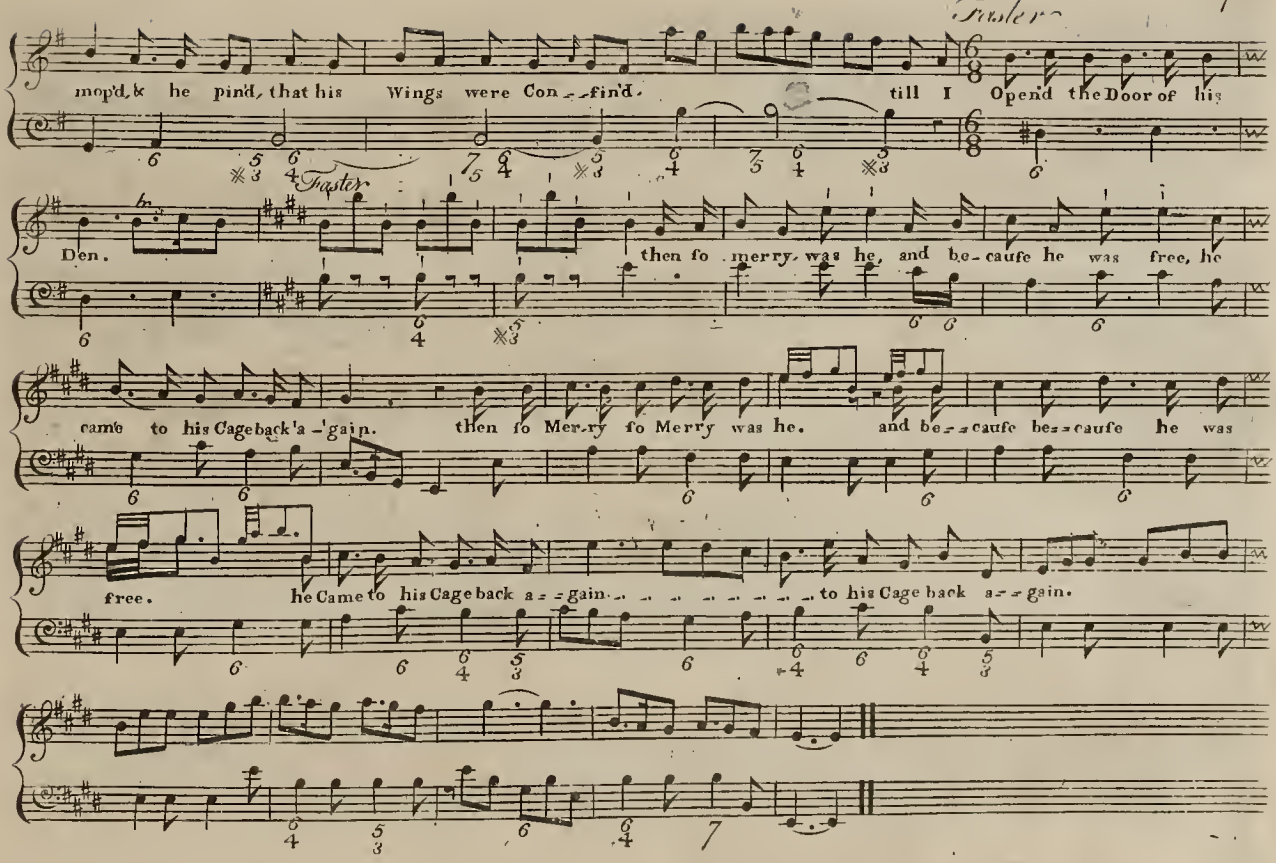
Sung by Miss Rogers


Andante
S
Oh Why will you
S.
call me a--gain, Oh Why will you call me a---gain
The Powrs of a God can not
quicken this Clod A--lafs it is Labo'r in Vain. A--lafs it is Labo'r in
Vain.
The Powrs of a God can not quick-en this

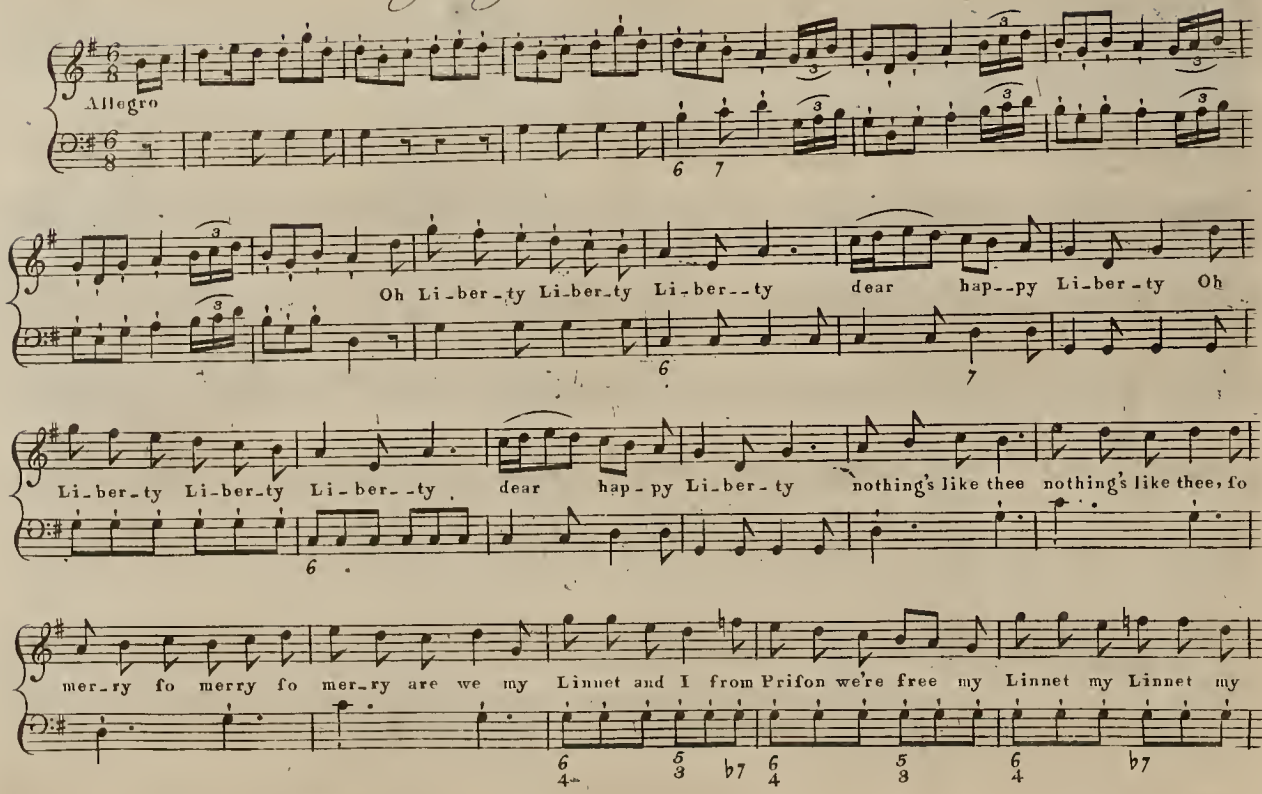

Clod A-lafs it is Labor in Vain A-lafs it is La-bor in Vain A-
A-lafs A-lafs it is La-bor in Vain.
Sym
Oh! Ve-nus my Mo-ther, some
new Ob-ject, give her this blunts all my Ar-rows, and Emp-tys, my Quiver Oh! Ve-nus my Mo-ther, some
new Object, give her this blunts all my Arrows, and Emptys, my Quiver. Oh!
S.
S.

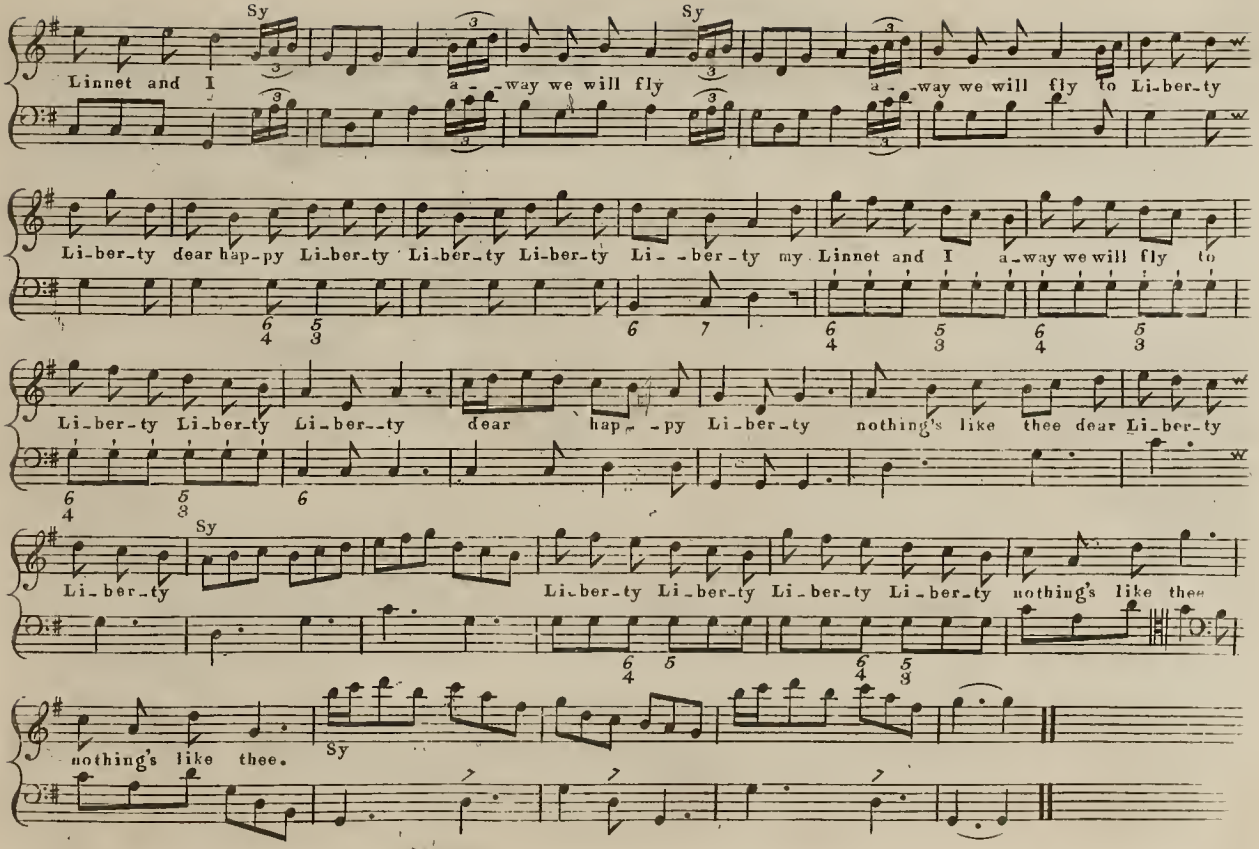
Sung by Mr Vernon


Andante
You gave me last week, a young
Linnet, shut up in a fine golden Cage, yet how sad, the poor thing was with in it Oh!
how did it Flutter and rage. Oh! how did it Flutter, how did it Flutter, how did it Flutter and
Rage.
Large
then he, mop'd and he pinn'd that his Wings were Confin'd then he

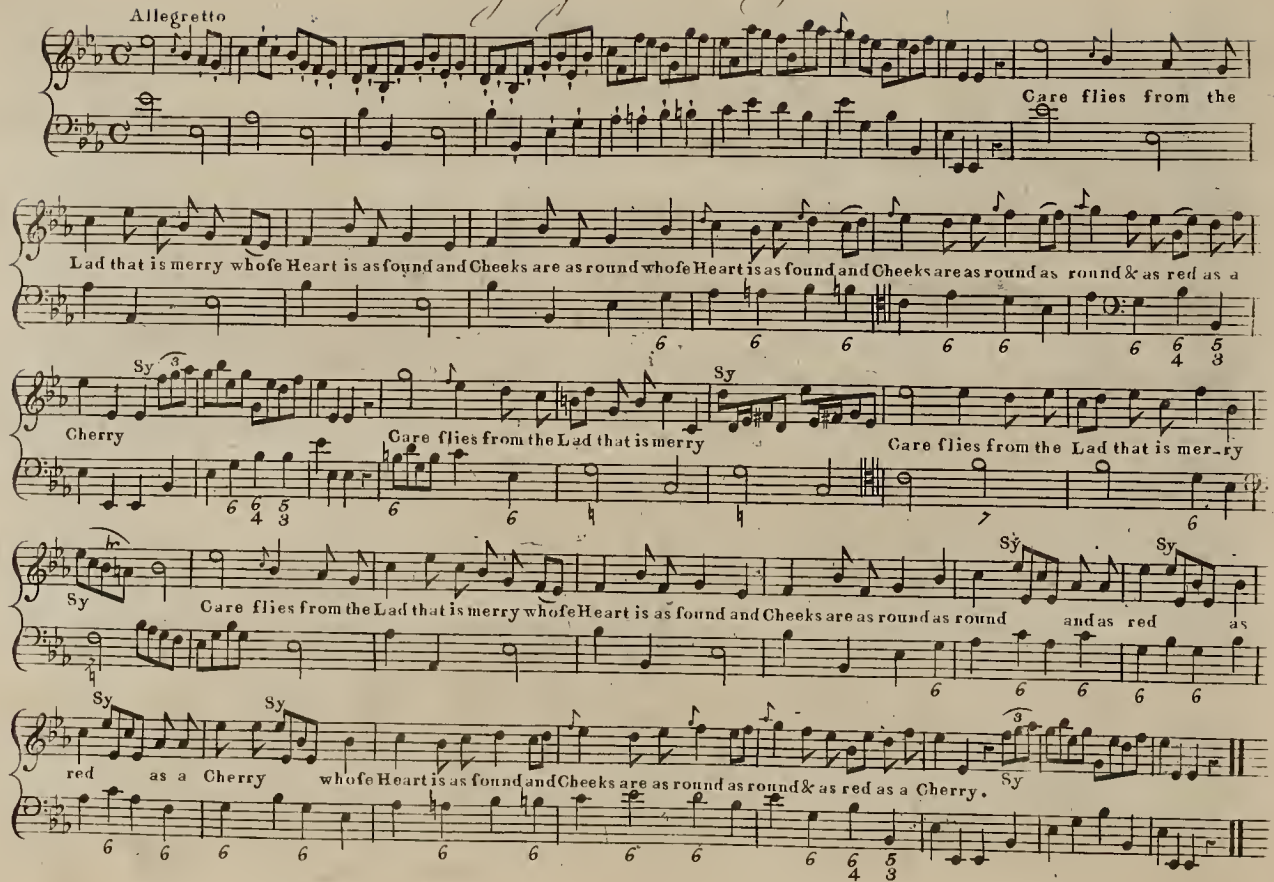

Faster
mop'd, & he pin'd, that his Wings were Con - - fin'd. till I Open'd the Door of his
Faster
Den. then so merry was he, and be - cause he was free, he
came to his Cage back a - gain. then so Mer - ry so Merry was he. and be - - cause be - - cause he was
free. he Came to his Cage back a - - gain - - - - - - - - - to his Cage back a - - gain.

Sung by Mr. Vernon

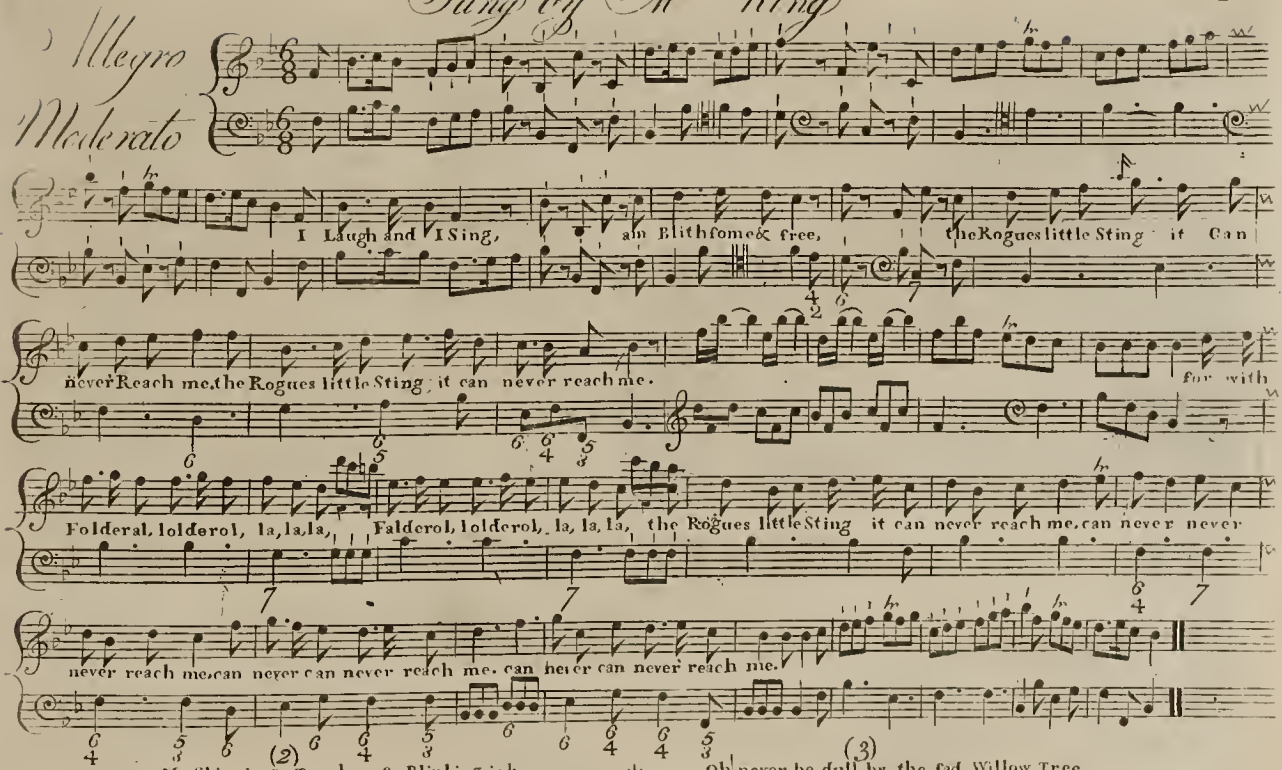

Allegro
Oh Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li-ber--ty dear hap--py Li-ber-ty Oh
Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li-ber--ty dear hap-py Li-ber-ty nothing's like thee nothing's like thee, fo
mer-ry fo merry fo mer-ry are we my Linnet and I from Prifon we're free my Linnet my Linnet my


Sy
Linnet and I
a - way we will fly
Sy
a - way we will fly to Li-ber-ty
Li-ber-ty dear hap-py Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li - ber - ty my Linnet and I a-way we will fly to
Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li-ber--ty dear hap - py Li-ber-ty nothing's like thee dear Li-ber-ty
Sy
Li-ber-ty
Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty nothing's like thee
nothing's like thee.
Sy

Sung by Mr. King


Allegretto
Care flies from the
Lad that is merry whose Heart is as found and Cheeks are as round whose Heart is as found and Cheeks are as round as round & as red as a
Sy
Cherry
Care flies from the Lad that is merry
Sy
Care flies from the Lad that is mer-ry
Sy
Care flies from the Lad that is merry whose Heart is as found and Cheeks are as round as round
and as red
as
Sy
Sy
red
as a Cherry
whose Heart is as found and Cheeks are as round as round & as red as a Cherry.
Sy

Sung by Mr King


Allegro
Moderato
I Laugh and I Sing, am Blithsome & free, the Rogues little Sting it Can
never Reach me, the Rogues little Sting it can never reach me. for with
Folderal, lolderol, la, la, la, Falderol, lolderol, la, la, la, the Rogues little Sting it can never reach me, can never never
never reach me, can never can never reach me. can never can never reach me.

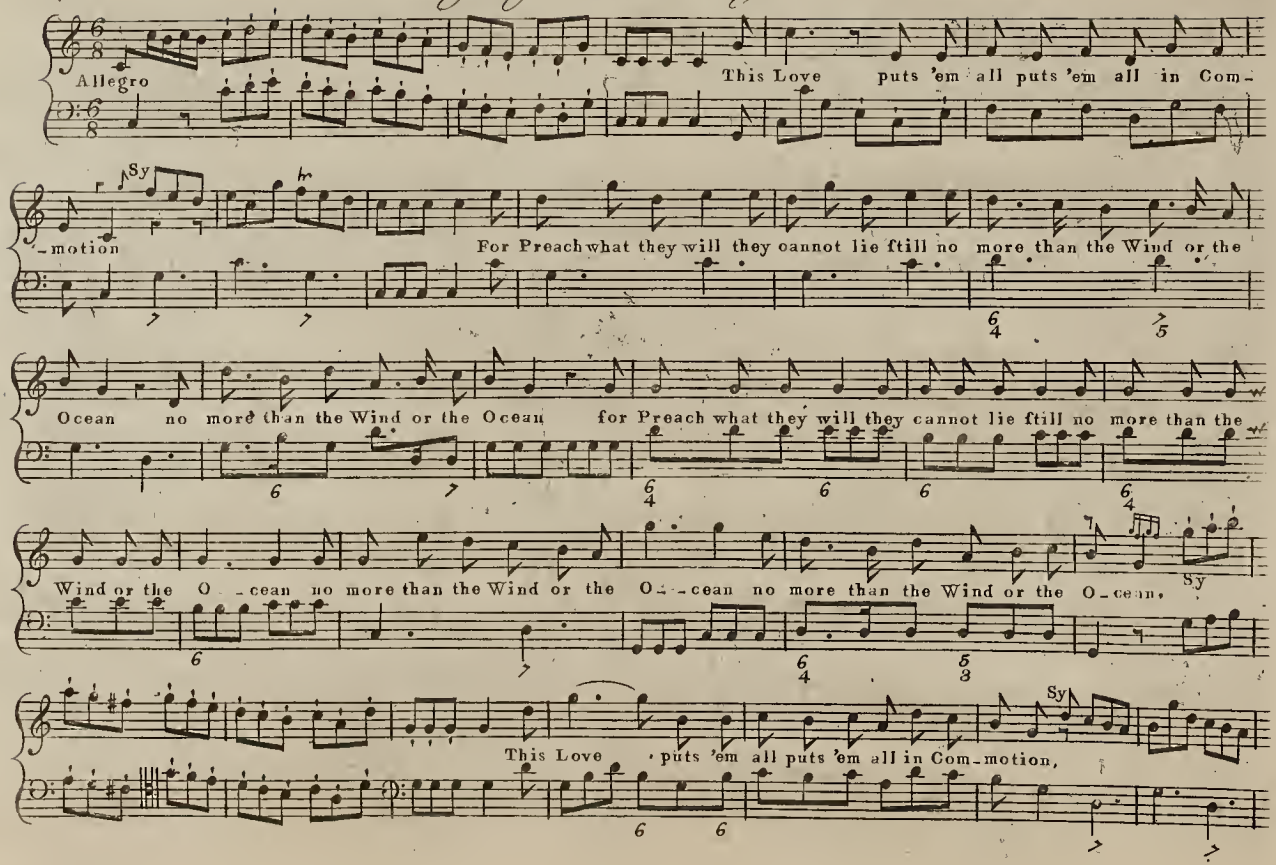
(2)

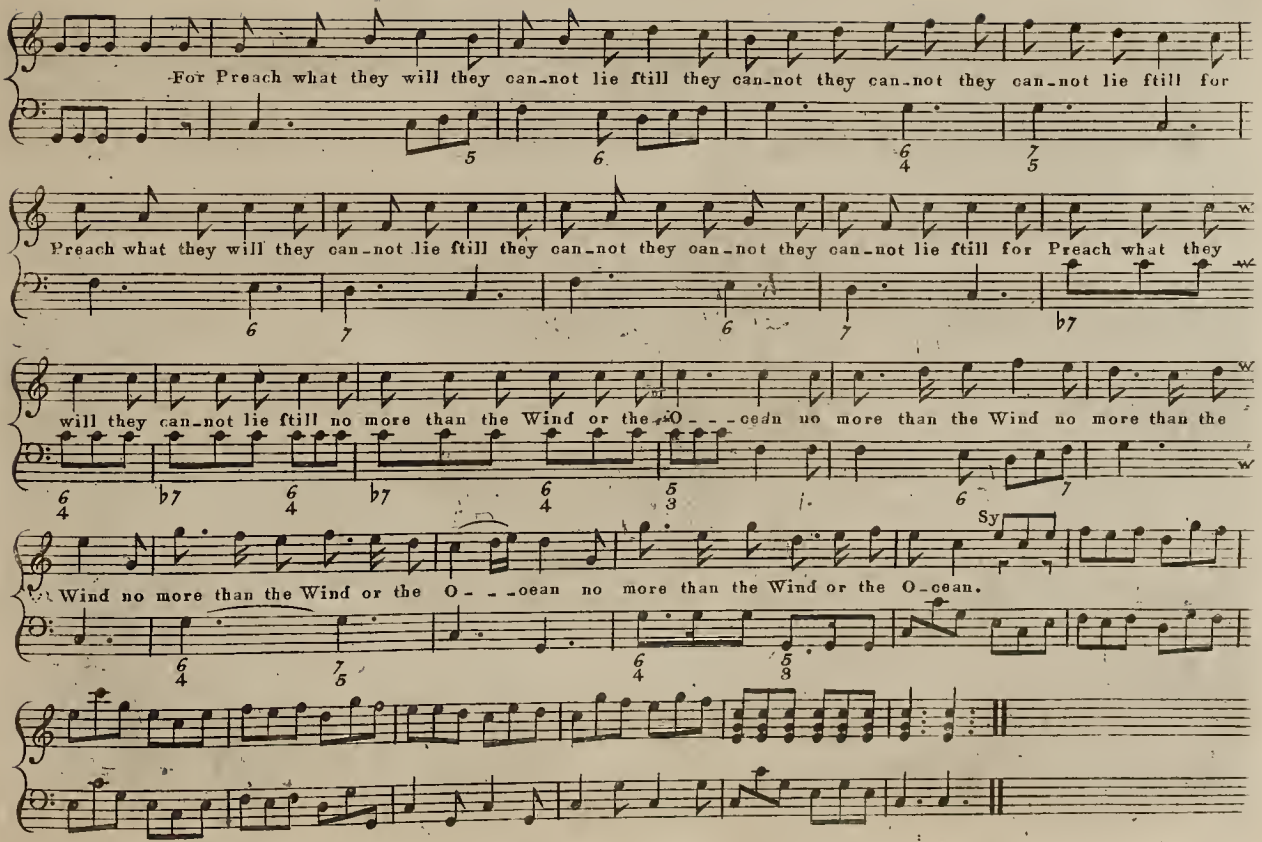
My Skin is so Tough, or so Blinking is he,
He can't Pierce my Buff, but misses poor me,
For with Fa, la, la, la,
And Ha, ha, ha, ha,
He misses poor me.

(3)

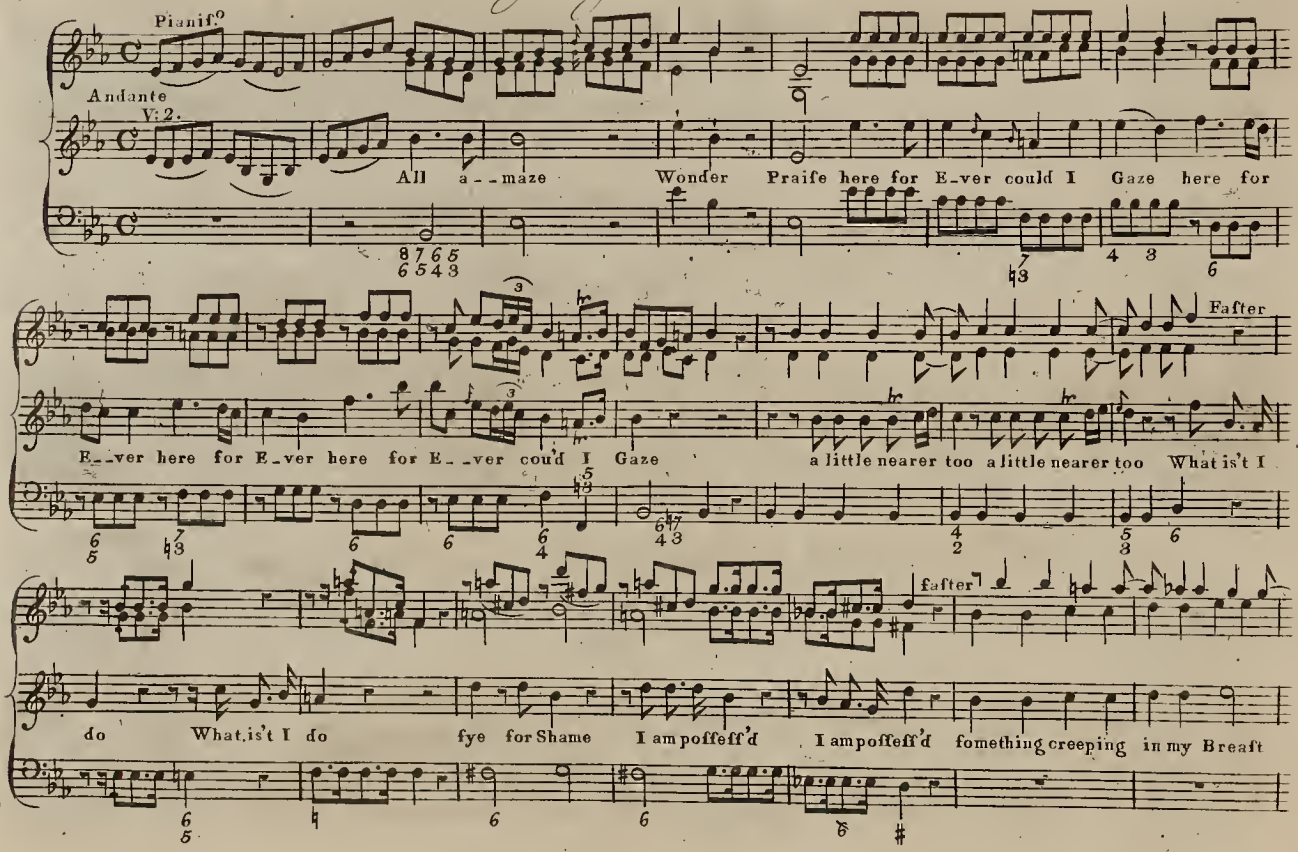
Oh! never be dull, by the sad Willow Tree,
Of Mirth be Brimfull and Run over like me,
For with Fa, la, la, la,
And Ha, ha, ha, ha,
Run over like me.

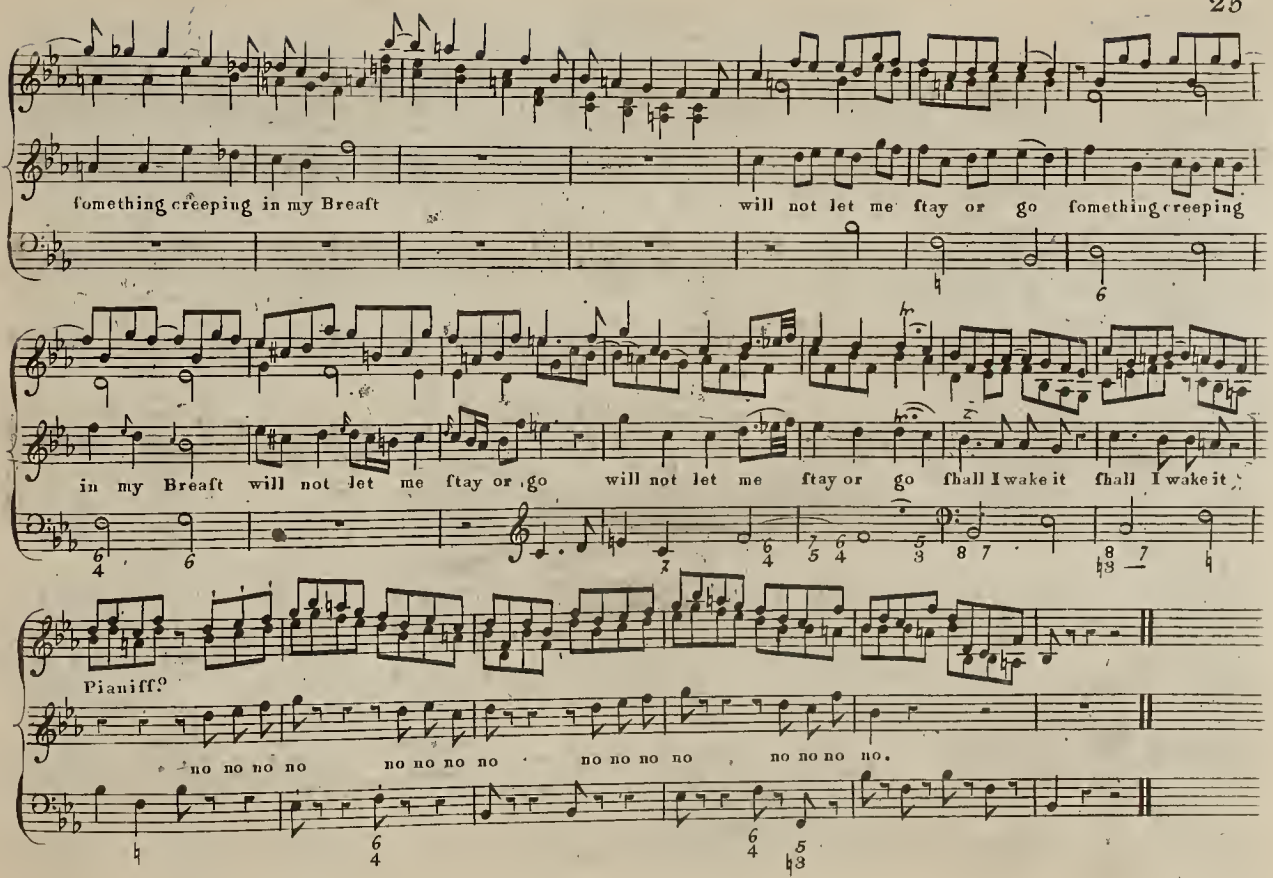
Sung by Mr. King


Allegro
This Love puts 'em all puts 'em all in Com-
-motion
For Preach what they will they cannot lie ftill no more than the Wind or the
Ocean no more than the Wind or the Ocean for Preach what they will they cannot lie ftill no more than the
Wind or the O - cean no more than the Wind or the O - cean no more than the Wind or the O-cean,
This Love puts 'em all puts 'em all in Com-motion,

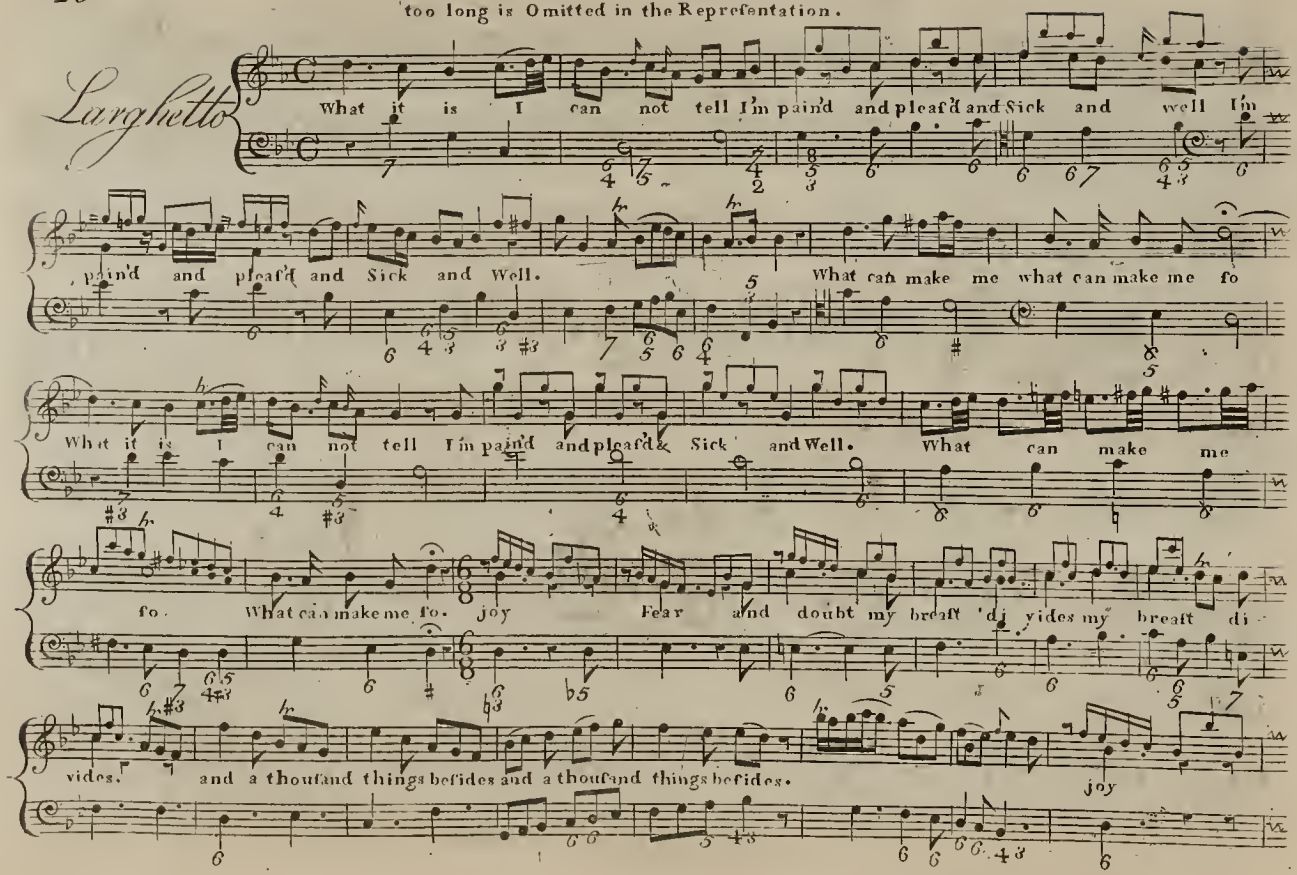

For Preach what they will they can-not lie ftill they can-not they can-not they can-not lie ftill for
Preach what they will they can-not lie ftill they can-not they can-not they can-not lie ftill for Preach what they
will they can-not lie ftill no more than the Wind or the O - - - cean no more than the Wind no more than the
Wind no more than the Wind or the O - - - ocean no more than the Wind or the O-cean.

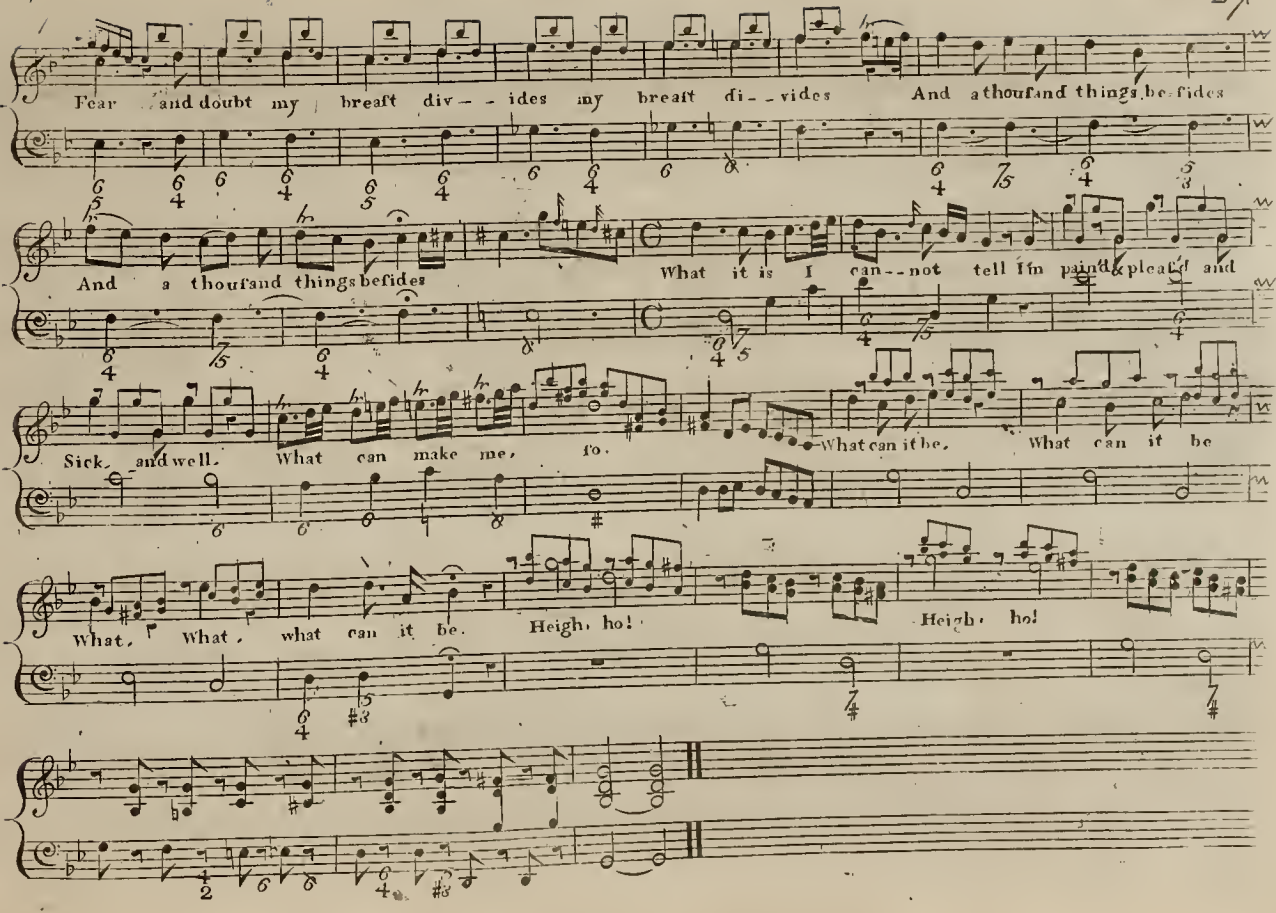
Sung by Mr. Vernon



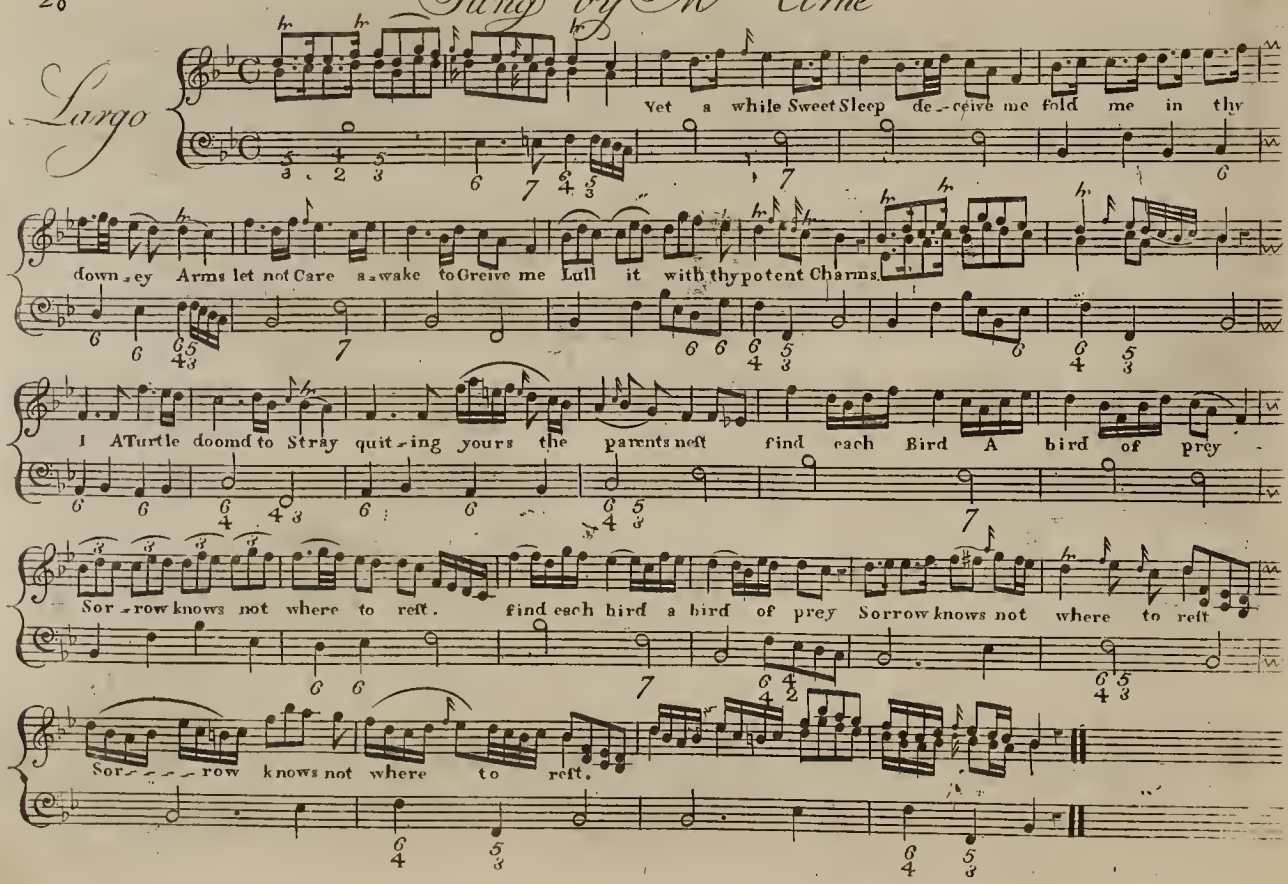

fomething creeping in my Breaft
will not let me ftay or go fomething creeping
in my Breaft will not let me ftay or go
will not let me ftay or go
fhall I wake it
fhall I wake it
Pianiff?
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no.

This belongs to the laft AIR of CYMON but being thought too long is Omitted in the Reprefentation.

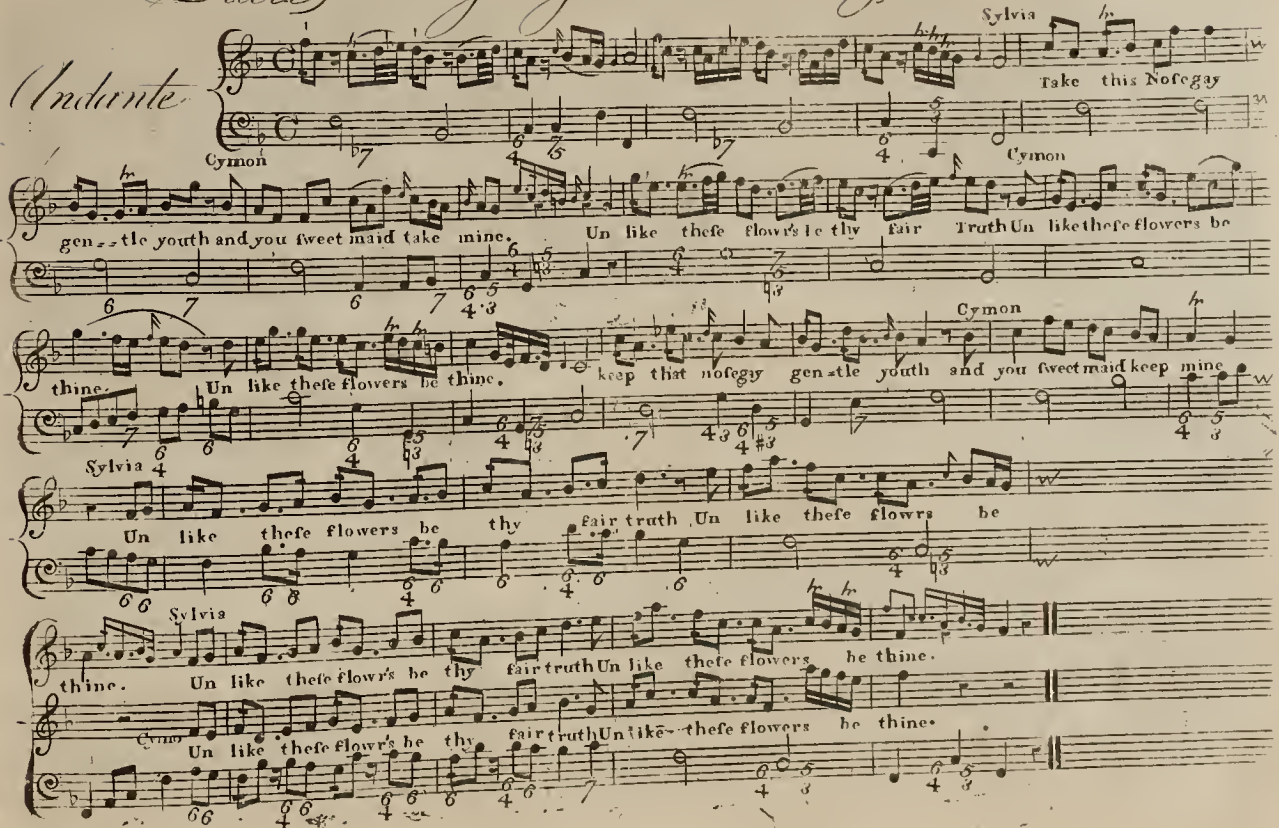

Larghetto
What it is I can not tell I'm pain'd and pleas'd and Sick and well I'm
pain'd and pleas'd and Sick and Well.
What can make me what can make me fo
What it is I can not tell I'm pain'd and pleas'd & Sick and Well.
What can make me
fo. What can make me fo. joy Fear and doubt my breaft 'di vides my breaft di
vides. and a thouſand things beſides and a thouſand things beſides.
joy

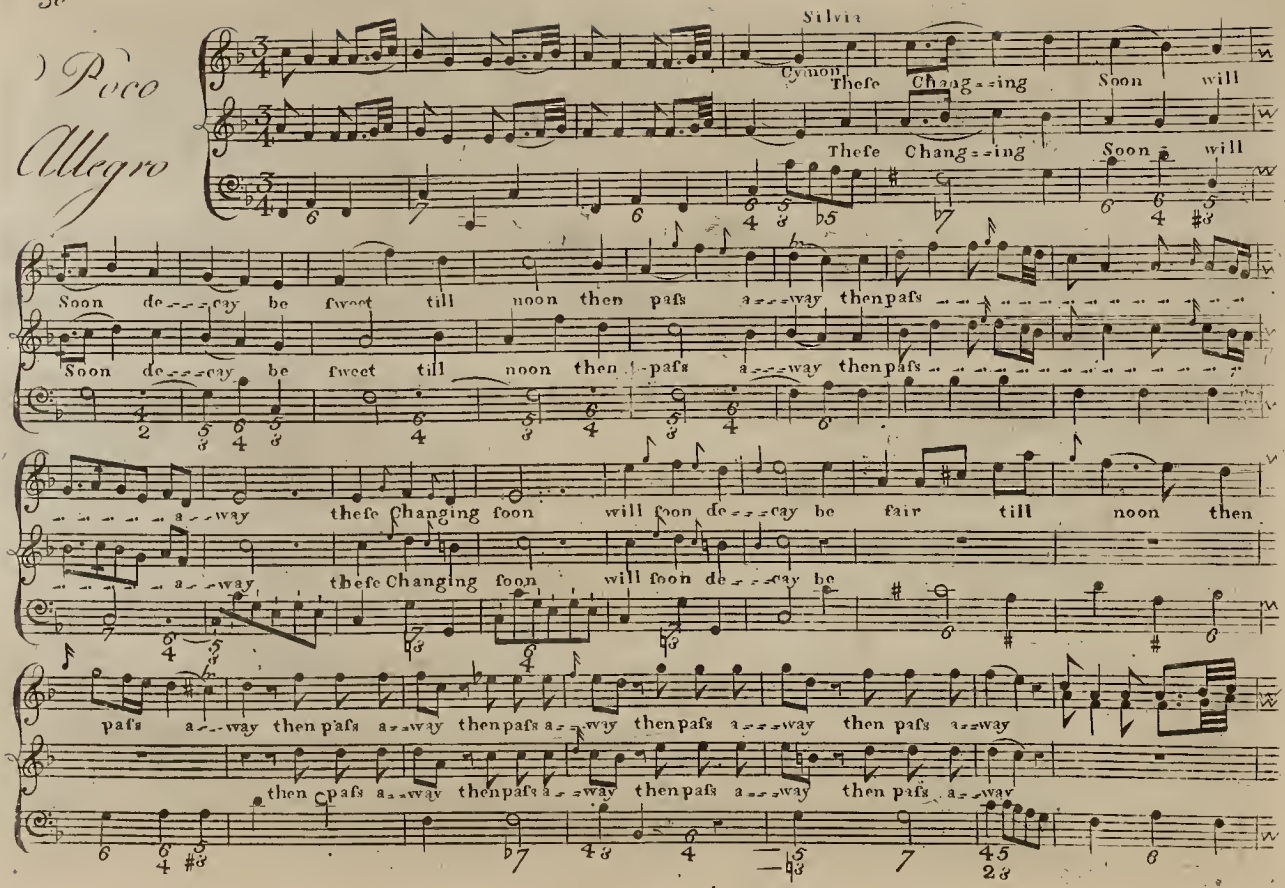

Fear and doubt my breaft div--ides my breaft di--vides And a thoufand things be-fides
And a thoufand things befides What it is I can--not tell I'm pain'd & pleas'd and
Sick and well. What can make me, fo. What can it be. What can it be
What, What, what can it be. Heigh, ho! Heigh, ho!

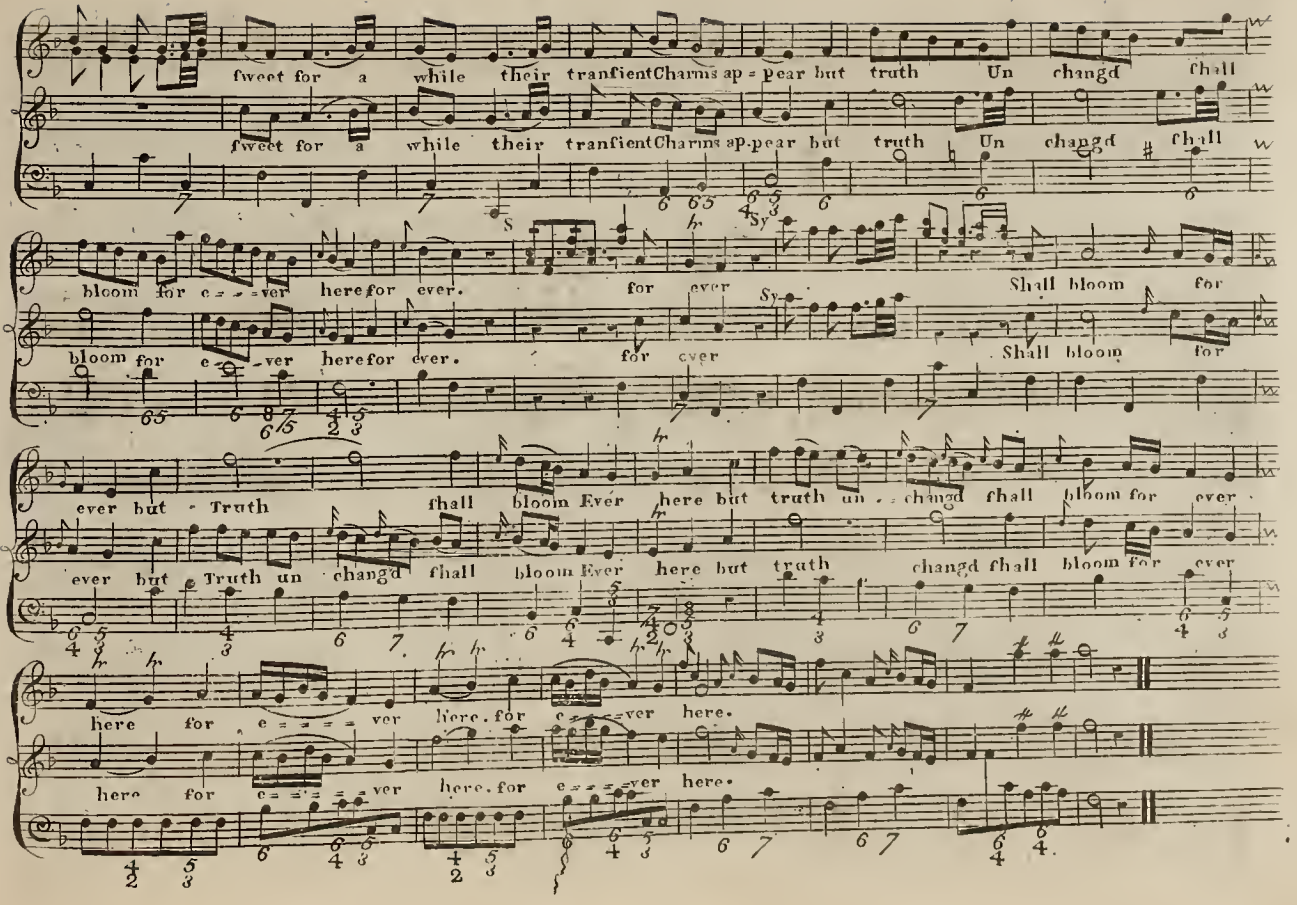
Sung by Mrs Arne


Largo
Yet a while Sweet Sleep de-ceive me fold me in thy
down-ey Arms let not Care a-wake to Greive me Lull it with thy potent Charms
I A Turtle doomd to Stray quit-ing yours the parents neft find each Bird A bird of prey -
Sor-row knows not where to reft. find each bird a bird of prey Sorrow knows not where to reft
Sor- - - - row knows not where to reft.

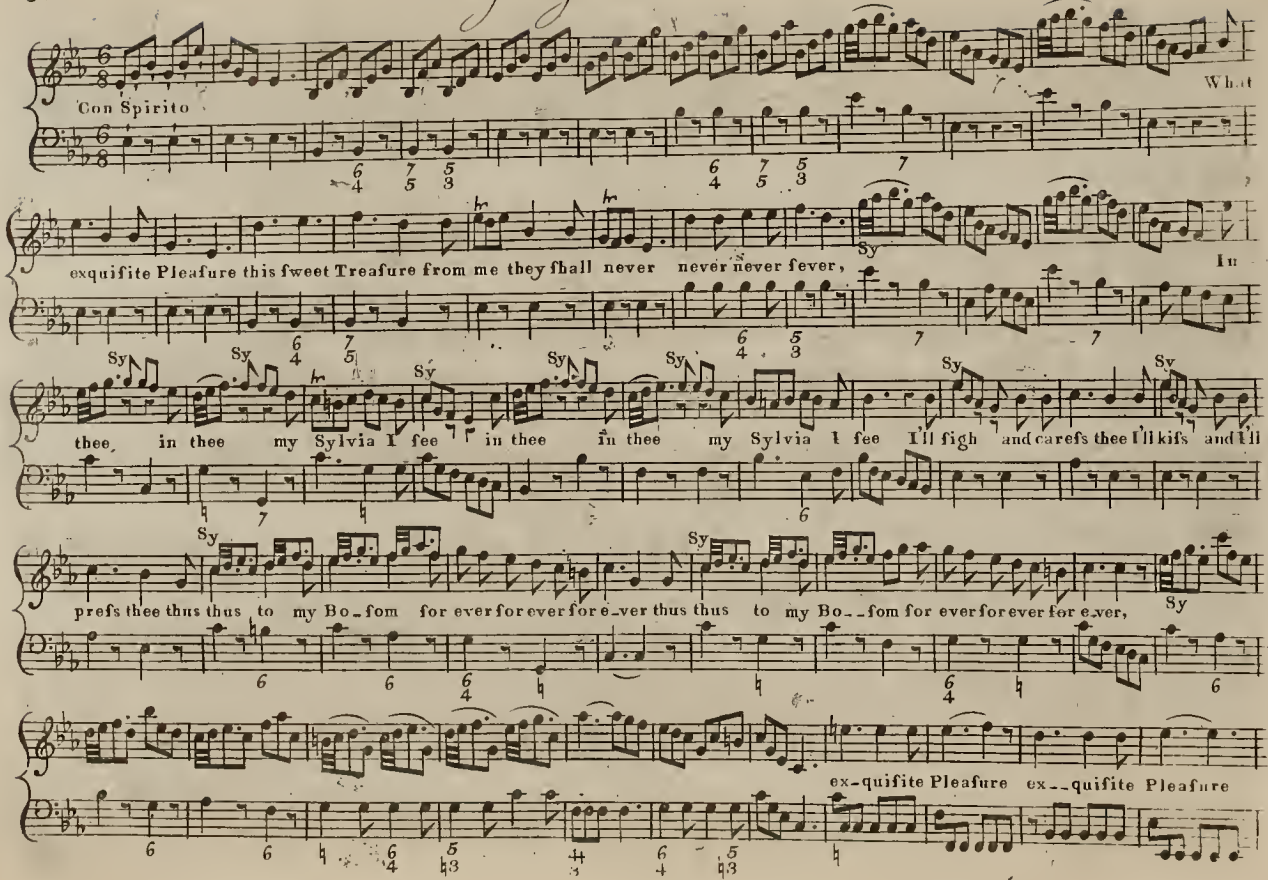
Duett) Sung by Mrs Arne & Mr Vernon

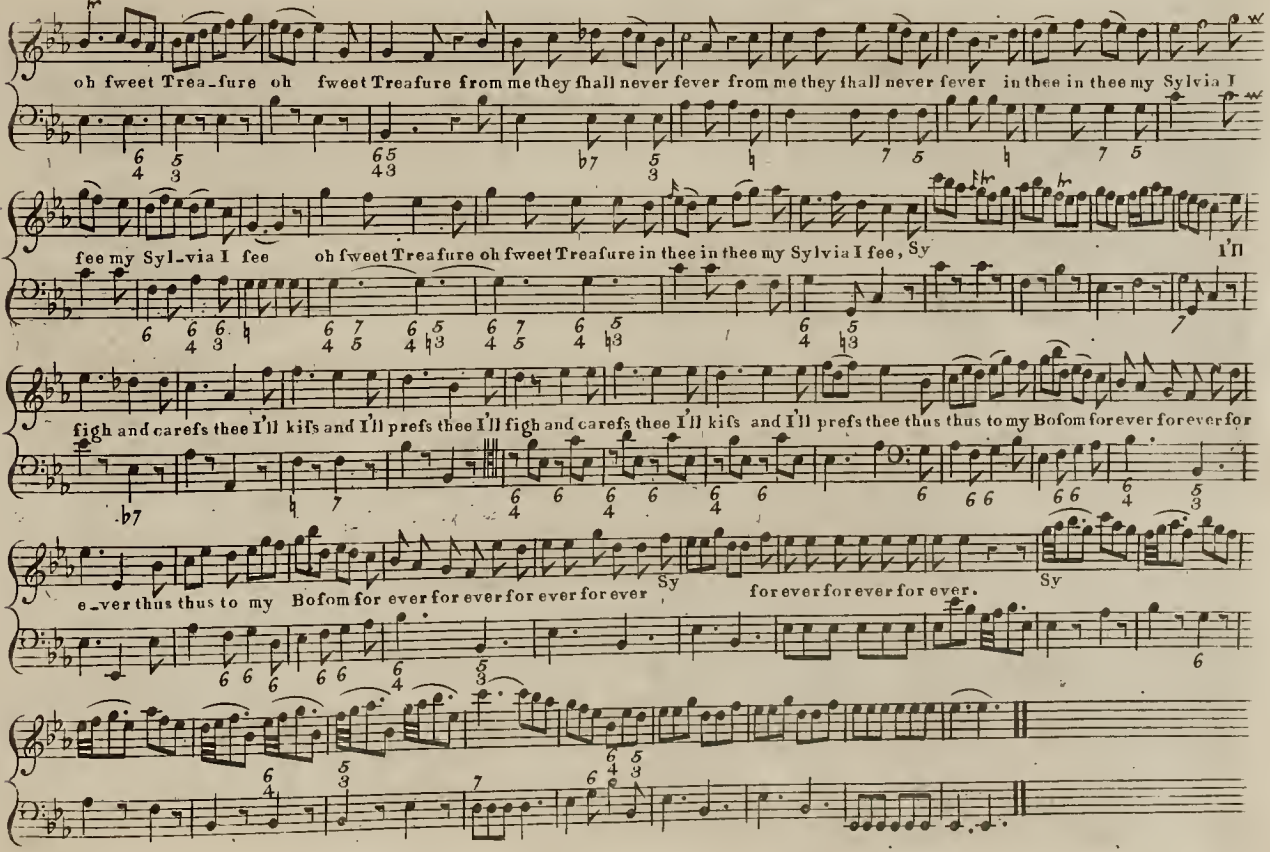

Andante
Sylvia
Take this Nofegay
Cymon
Cymon
gen-tle youth and you fweet maid take mine.
Un like thefe flowrs be thy fair Truth Un like thefe flowers be
thine.
Un like thefe flowers be thine.
Cymon
keep that nofegay gen-tle youth and you fweet maid keep mine.
Sylvia
Un like thefe flowers be thy fair truth Un like thefe flowrs be
Sylvia
thine.
Un like thefe flowr's be thy fair truth Un like thefe flowers be thine.
Cymo
Un like thefe flowr's be thy fair truth Un like thefe flowers be thine.


Poco
Allegro
Silvia
Cymon
Thefe Chaag=ing Soon will
Thefe Chang=ing Soon will
Soon de=cay be fweet till noon then pafs a=way then pafs
Soon de=cay be fweet till noon then pafs a=way then pafs
a=way thefe Changing foon will foon de=cay be fair till noon then
a=way thefe Changing foon will foon de=cay be
pafs a=way then pafs a=way then pafs a=way then pafs a=way then pafs a=way
then pafs a=way then pafs a=way then pafs a=way then pafs a=way

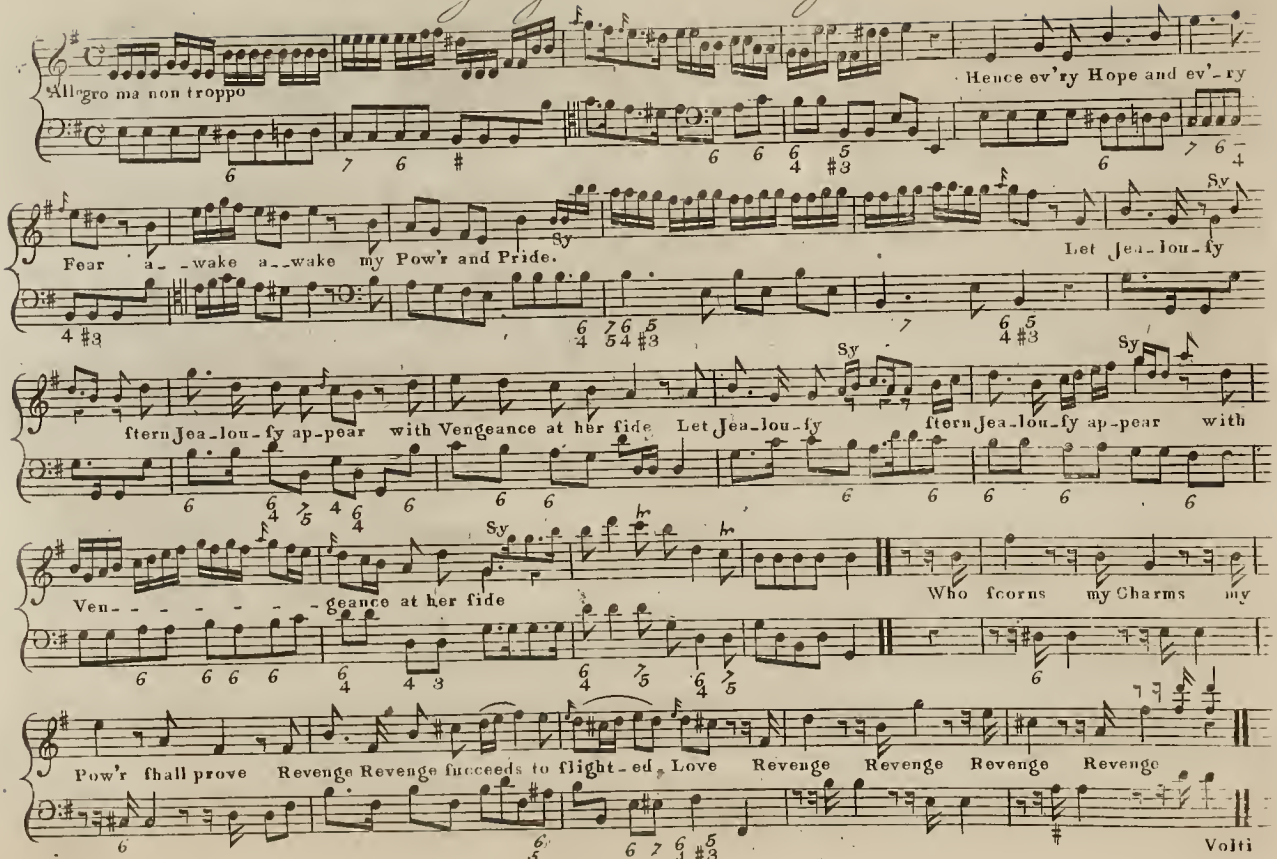

fweet for a while their tranſient Charms ap = pear but truth Un changd ſhall
fweet for a while their tranſient Charms ap-pear but truth Un changd ſhall
bloom for e = = = ver here for ever. for ever Shall bloom for
bloom for e = = ver here for ever. for ever Shall bloom for
ever but Truth ſhall bloom Ever here but truth un = changd ſhall bloom for ever
ever but Truth un changd ſhall bloom Ever here but truth changd ſhall bloom for ever
here for e = = = = ver here. for e = = = ver here.
here for e = = = = ver here. for e = = = ver here.

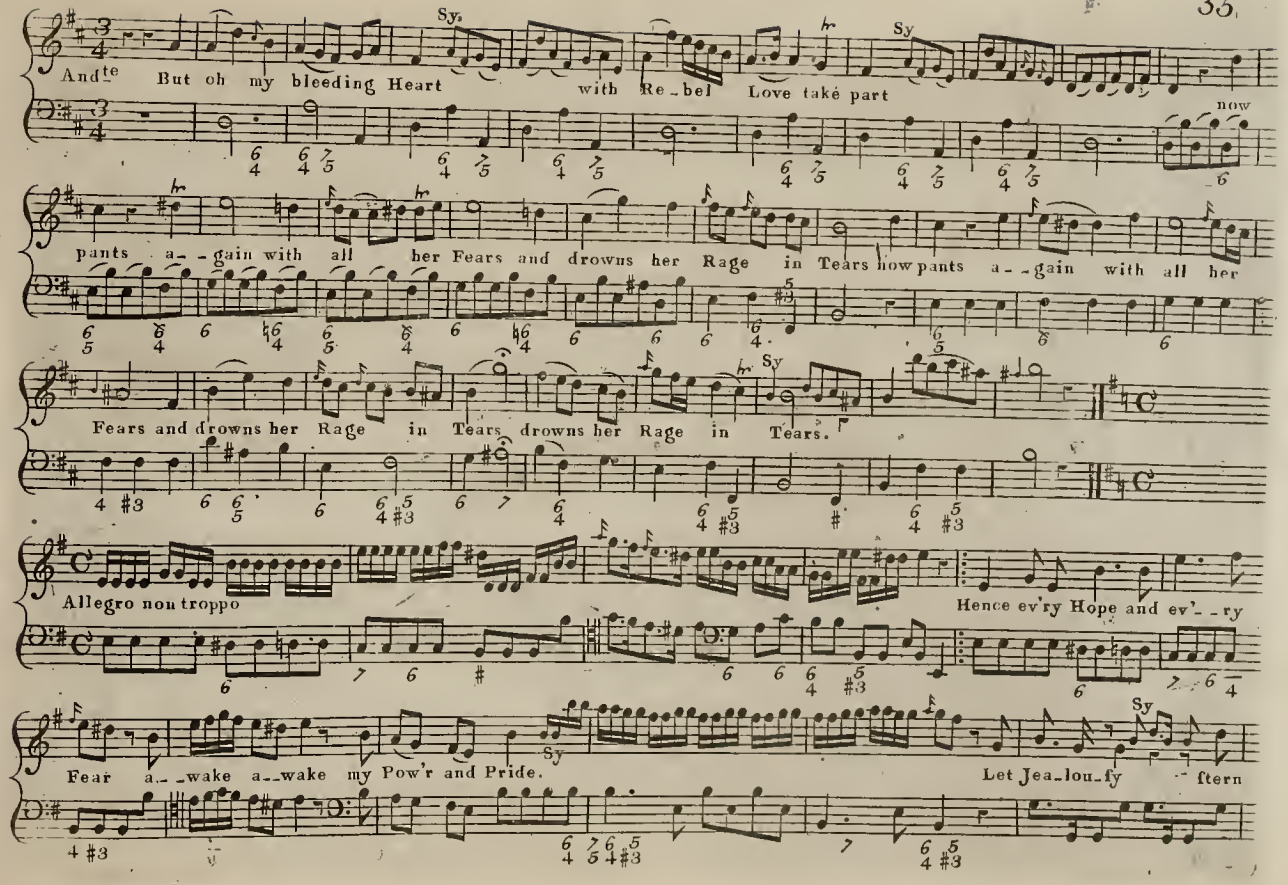
Sung by Mr. Vernon

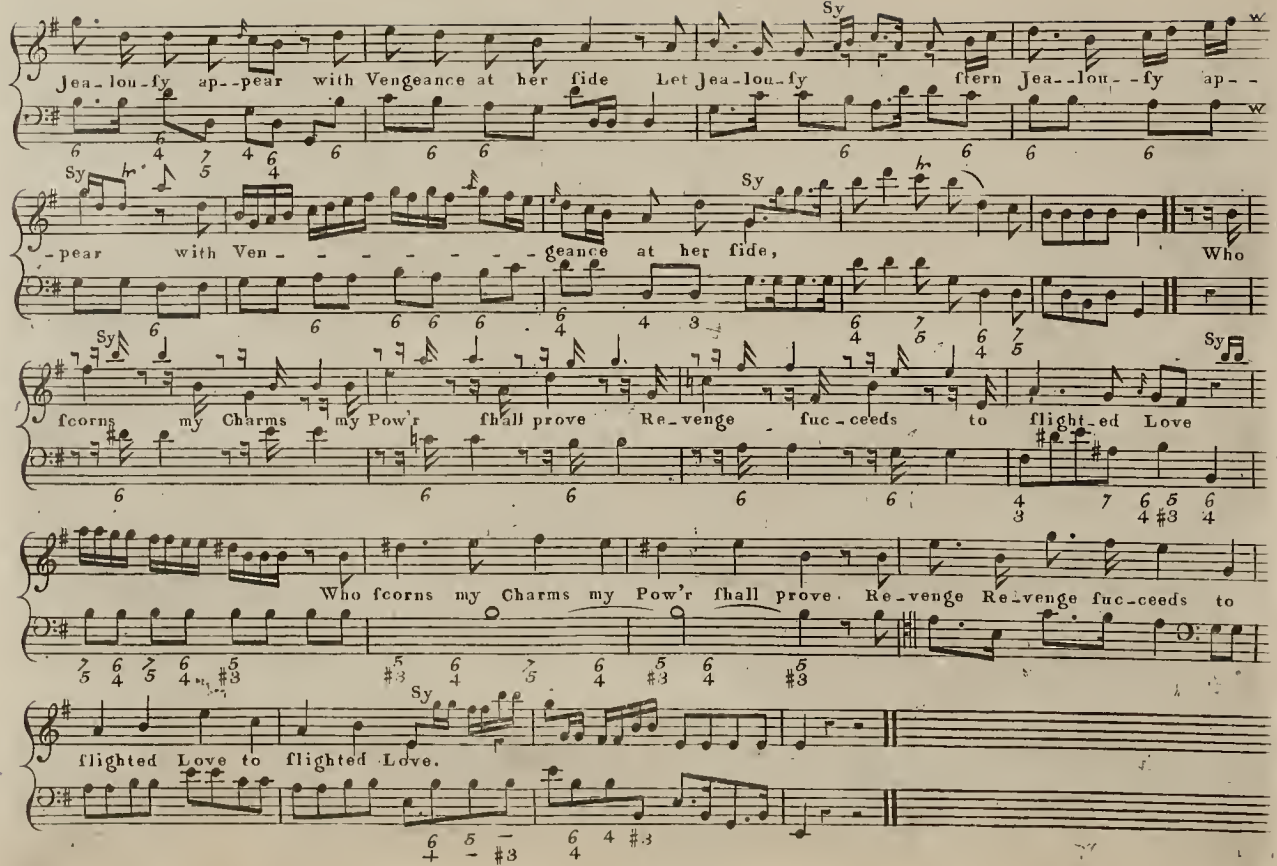

Con Spirito
What
exquisite Pleasure this sweet Treasure from me they shall never never never sever,
In
thee in thee my Sylvia I see in thee in thee my Sylvia I see I'll sigh and cares thee I'll kiss and I'll
press thee thus thus to my Bo-som for ever for ever for e-ver thus thus to my Bo--som for ever for ever for e-ver,
ex-quisite Pleasure ex--quisite Pleasure


oh fweet Trea-ſure oh fweet Treaſure from me they ſhall never fever from me they ſhall never fever in thee in thee my Sylvia I
fee my Syl-via I fee oh fweet Treaſure oh fweet Treaſure in thee in thee my Sylvia I fee, Sy I'll
figh and careſs thee I'll kiſs and I'll preſs thee I'll figh and careſs thee I'll kiſs and I'll preſs thee thus thus to my Boſom forever forever for
e-ver thus thus to my Boſom for ever for ever for ever for ever Sy forever for ever for ever. Sy

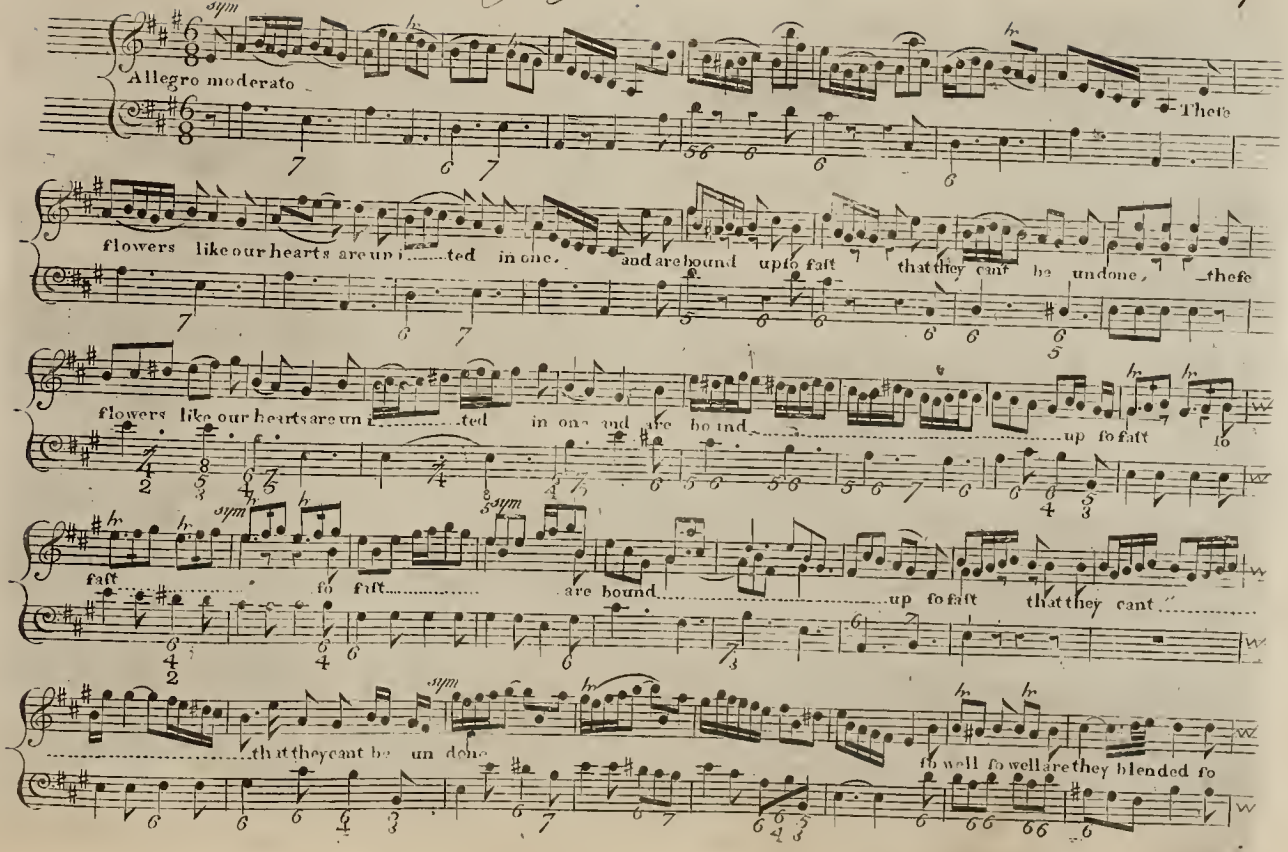
Sung by Mr. Baddeley

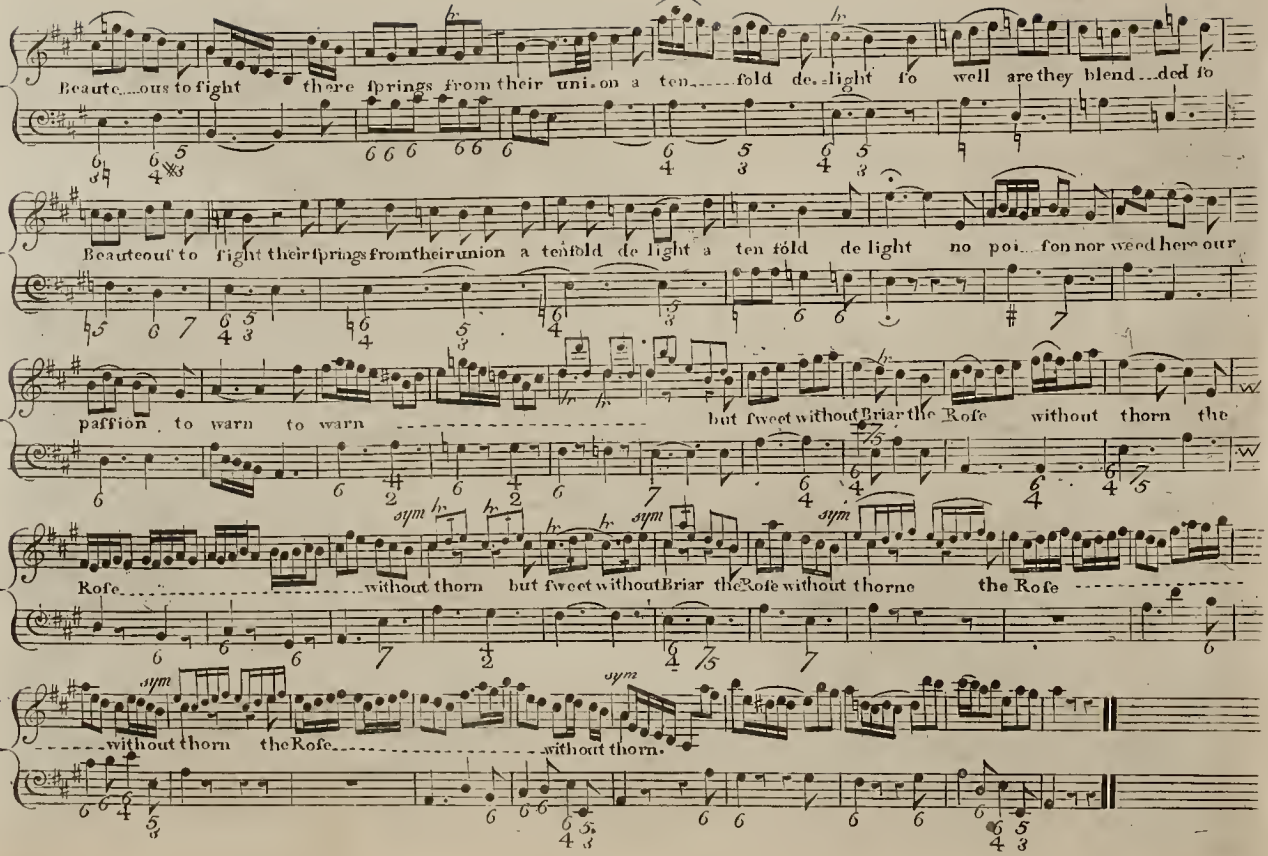

Allegro ma non troppo
Hence ev'ry Hope and ev'-ry
Fear a--wake a--wake my Pow'r and Pride.
Let Jea-lou-fy
ftern Jea-lou-fy ap-pear with Vengeance at her fide Let Jea-lou-fy
ftern Jea-lou-fy ap-pear with
Ven- - - - - - - geance at her fide
Who fcorns my Charms my
Pow'r fhall prove Revenge Revenge fucceeds to flight-ed Love Revenge Revenge Revenge Revenge
Volti
Sy


And te But oh my bleeding Heart with Re_bel Love take part now
pants a_ _gain with all her Fears and drowns her Rage in Tears how pants a_ _gain with all her
Fears and drowns her Rage in Tears drowns her Rage in Tears.
Allegro non troppo
Hence ev'ry Hope and ev'_ _ry
Fear a_ _wake a_ _wake my Pow'r and Pride.
Let Jea_lou_sy ftern

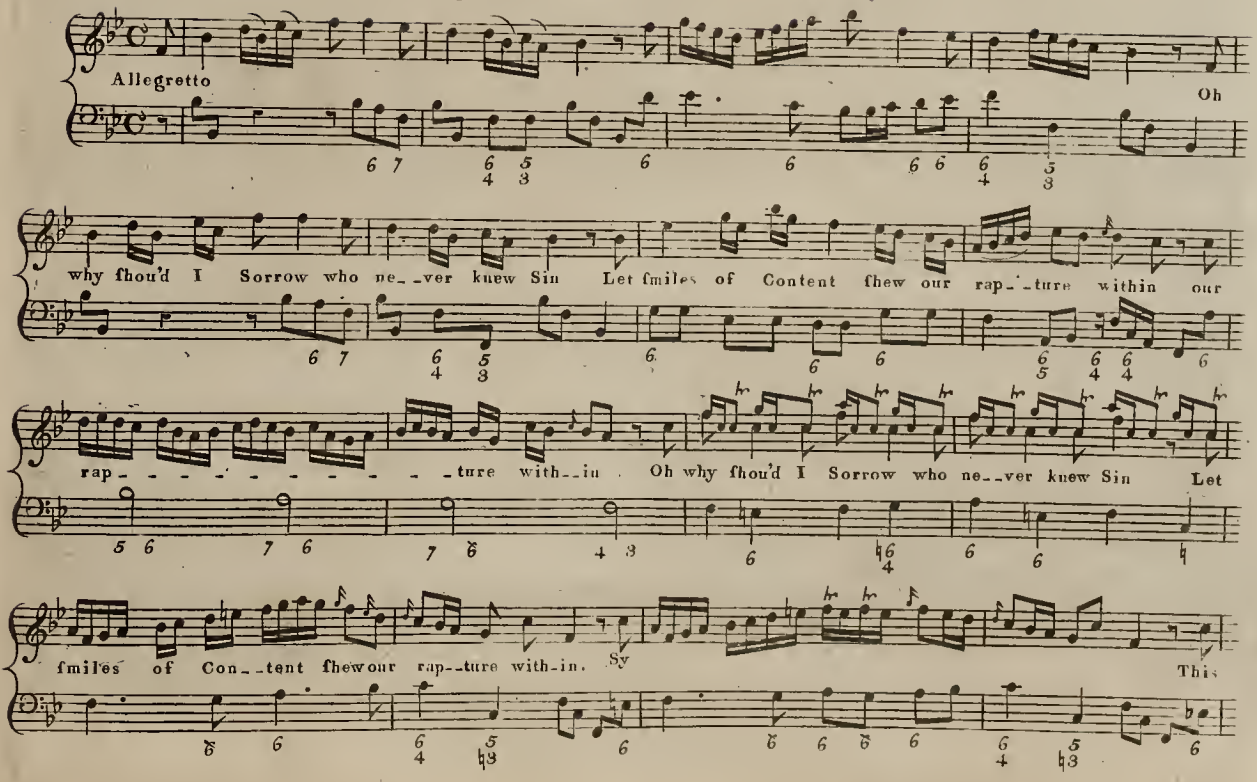

Jea-lou-fy ap--pear with Vengeance at her fide Let Jea-lou-fy ftern Jea--lou--fy ap--
Sy
-pear with Ven- - - - - - - - geance at her fide, Who
Sy
fcorns my Charms my Pow'r fhall prove Re-venge fuc-ceeds to flight-ed Love
Sy
Who fcorns my Charms my Pow'r fhall prove Re-venge Re-venge fuc-ceeds to
Sy
flighted Love to flighted Love.

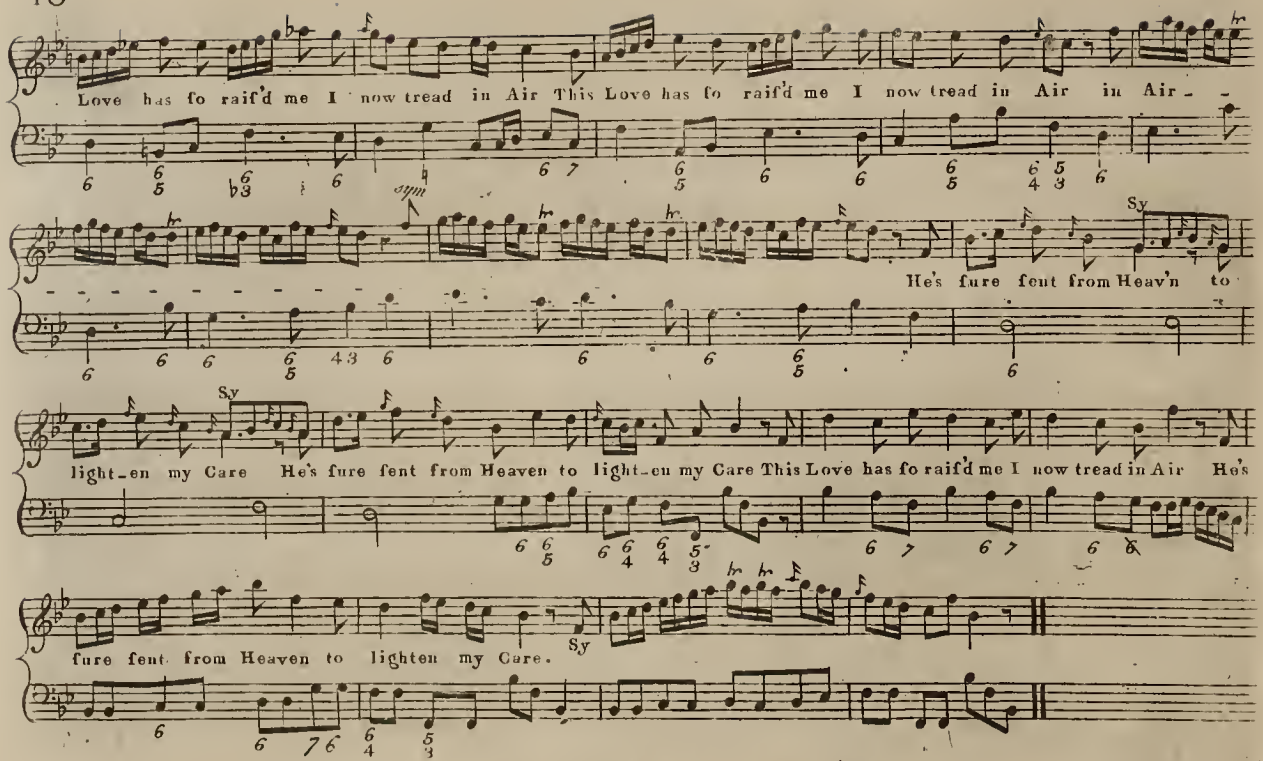
Sung by Mrs Arne


Allegro moderato
Thefe
flowers like our hearts are united in one, and are bound up fo faft that they cant be undone, thefe
flowers like our hearts are united in one and are bound up fo faft fo
faft fo faft are bound up fo faft that they cant
that they cant be undone
fo well fo well are they blended fo


Beaute...ous to fight there ſprings from their uni...on a ten.....fold de...light ſo well are they blend...ded ſo
Beauteouſ to fight their ſprings from their union a ten fold de light a ten fold de light no poi...ſon nor weed here our
paſſion to warn to warn
but ſweet without Briar the Roſe without thorn the
Roſe.....without thorn but ſweet without Briar the Roſe without thorne the Roſe
.....without thorn the Roſe.....without thorn.

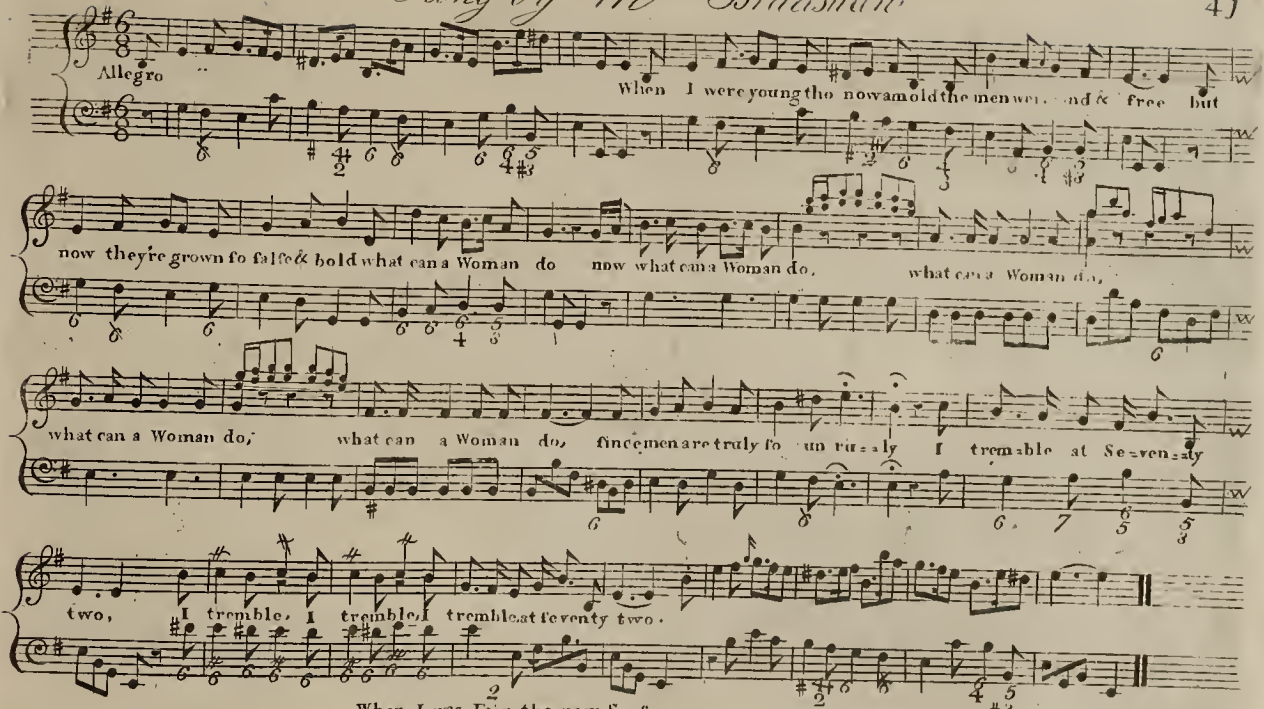
Sung by Mrs. Ames


Allegretto
Oh
why shou'd I Sorrow who ne_ver knew Sin Let smiles of Content shew our rap_ture within our
rap_ture with_in Oh why shou'd I Sorrow who ne_ver knew Sin Let
smiles of Con_tent shewour rap_ture with_in.
This


Love has fo raif'd me I now tread in Air This Love has fo raif'd me I now tread in Air in Air
Sy
He's fure fent from Heav'n to
Sy
light-en my Care He's fure fent from Heaven to light-en my Care This Love has fo raif'd me I now tread in Air He's
fure fent from Heaven to lighten my Care.
Sy

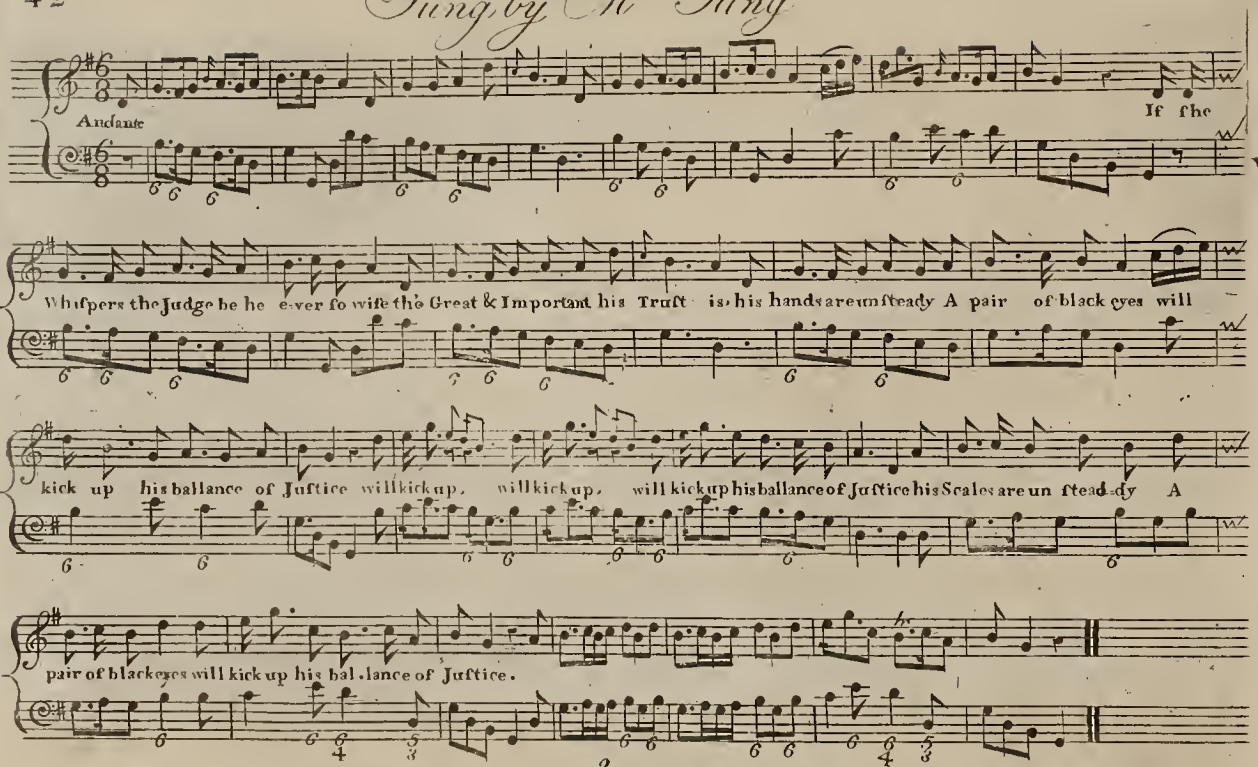
Each Shepherdefs views me with Scorn and Difdain;
Each Shepherd purfues me but all is in Vain:
No more will I Sorrow no longer Defpair,
He's fure fent from Heaven to lighten my Care.

Sung by Mrs Bradshaw


Allegro
When I were young tho now a old the men wer.. nd & free but
now they're grown so false & bold what can a Woman do now what can a Woman do, what can a Woman do,
what can a Woman do, what can a Woman do, since men are truly so un ru=ly I tremble at Se=ven=ty
two, I tremble, I tremble, I tremble at seventy two.

When I was Fair tho now So so,
No Sparks were given to Rove;
Our Pulses beat nor fast nor slow,
But all was truth and love:
Now what can a Woman do?
The Men are truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at Seventy two.

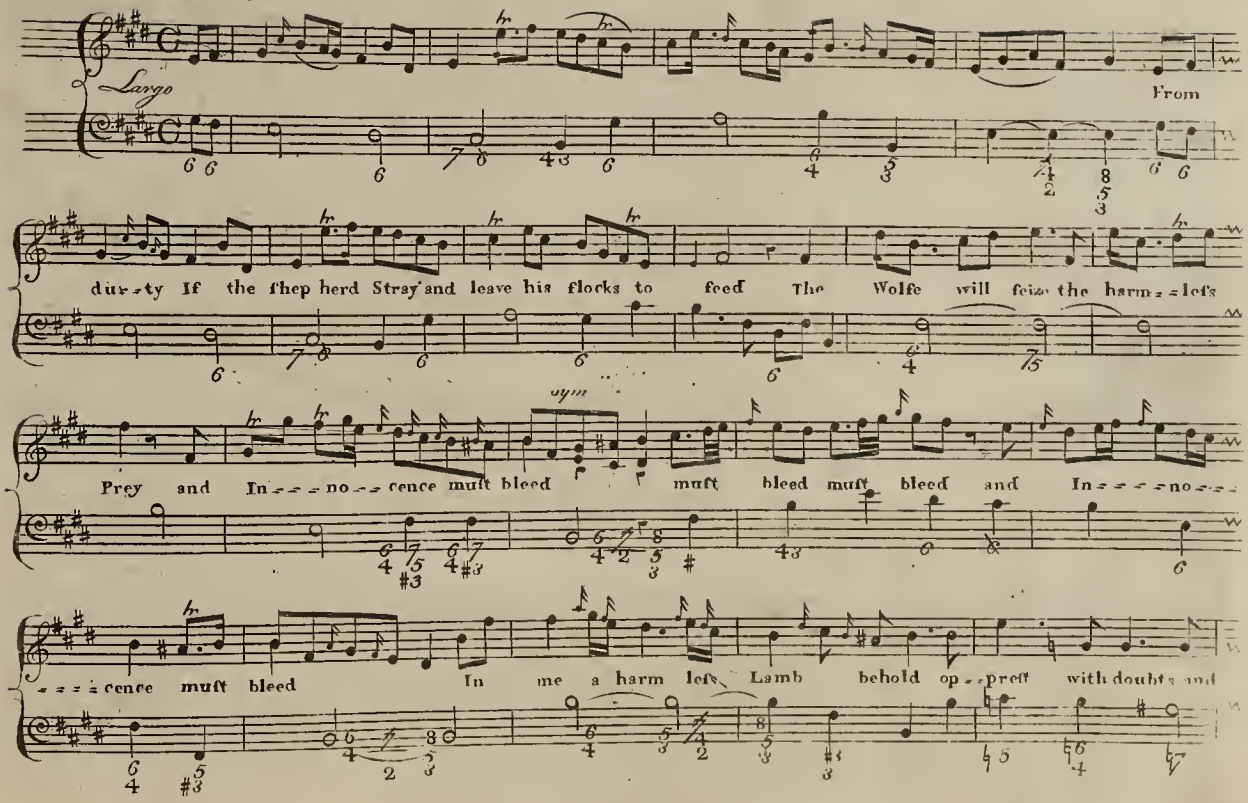
Sung by Mr King

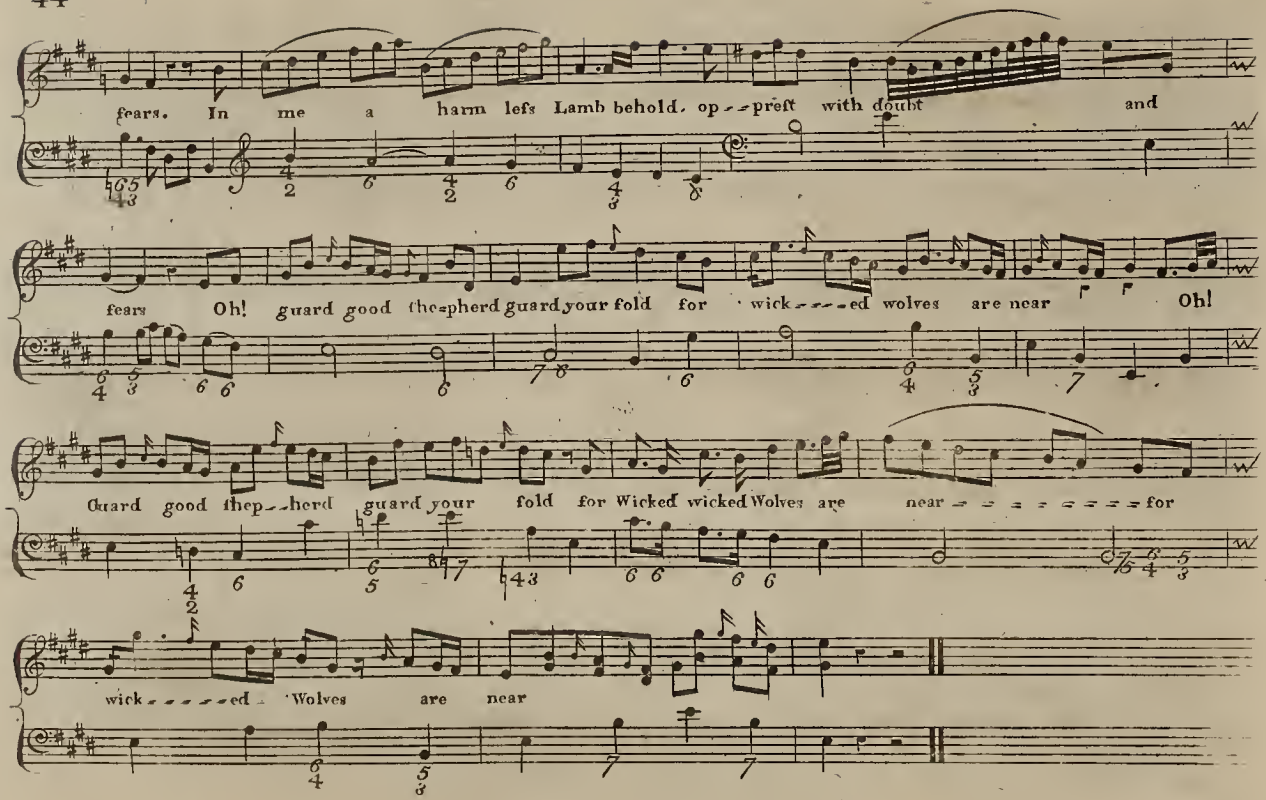

Andante
If the
Whispers the Judge be he ever so wife tho Great & Important his Truft is, his hands are unsteady A pair of black eyes will
kick up his ballance of Juftice will kick up, will kick up, will kick up his ballance of Juftice his Scales are un steady A
pair of blackeyes will kick up his bal.lance of Juftice.

2

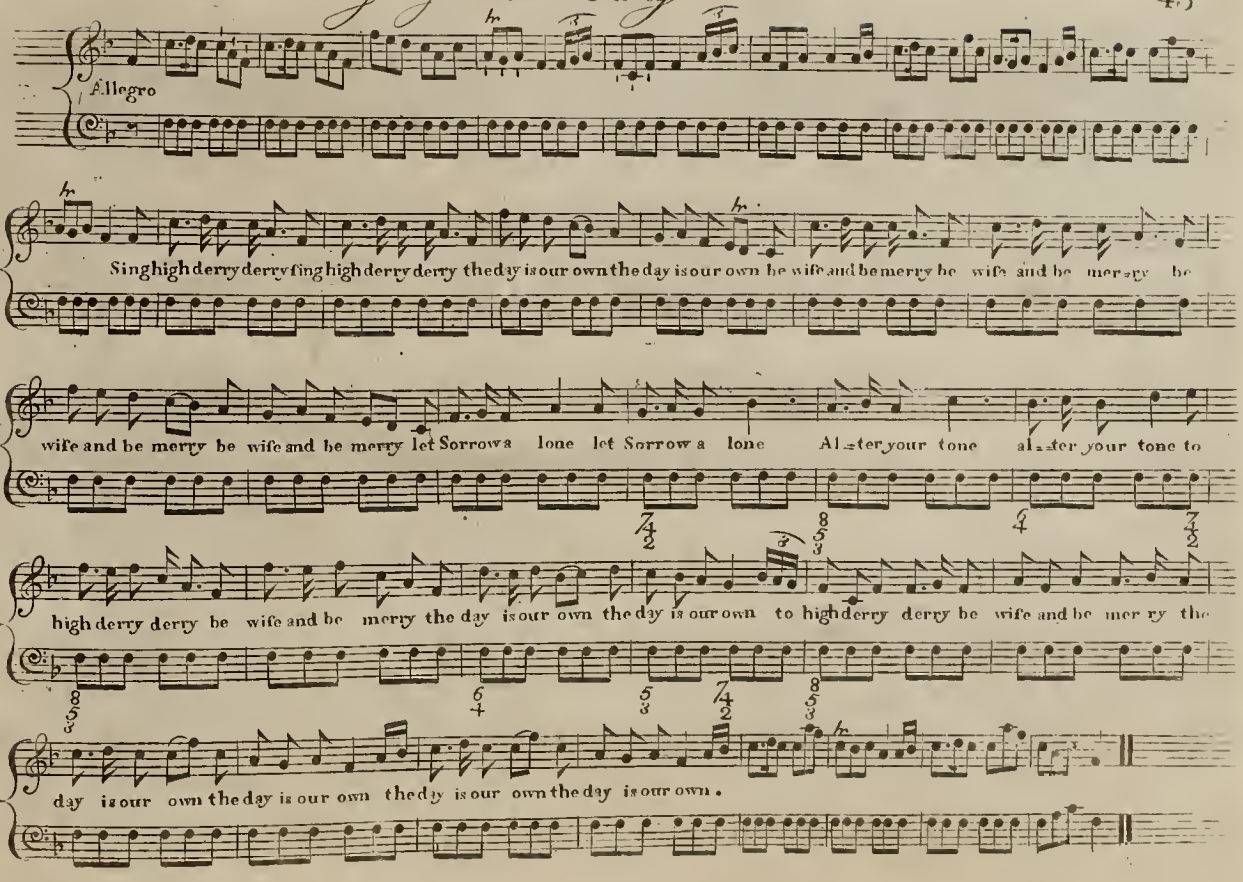
The Sword too is Ufeleſs his hand's are grown Week,
For love thro his Veins will be Creeping:
And his Worſhip when near to a round dimple cheek,
Tho he ought to be blind will be peeping.

Sung by Mrs Arne

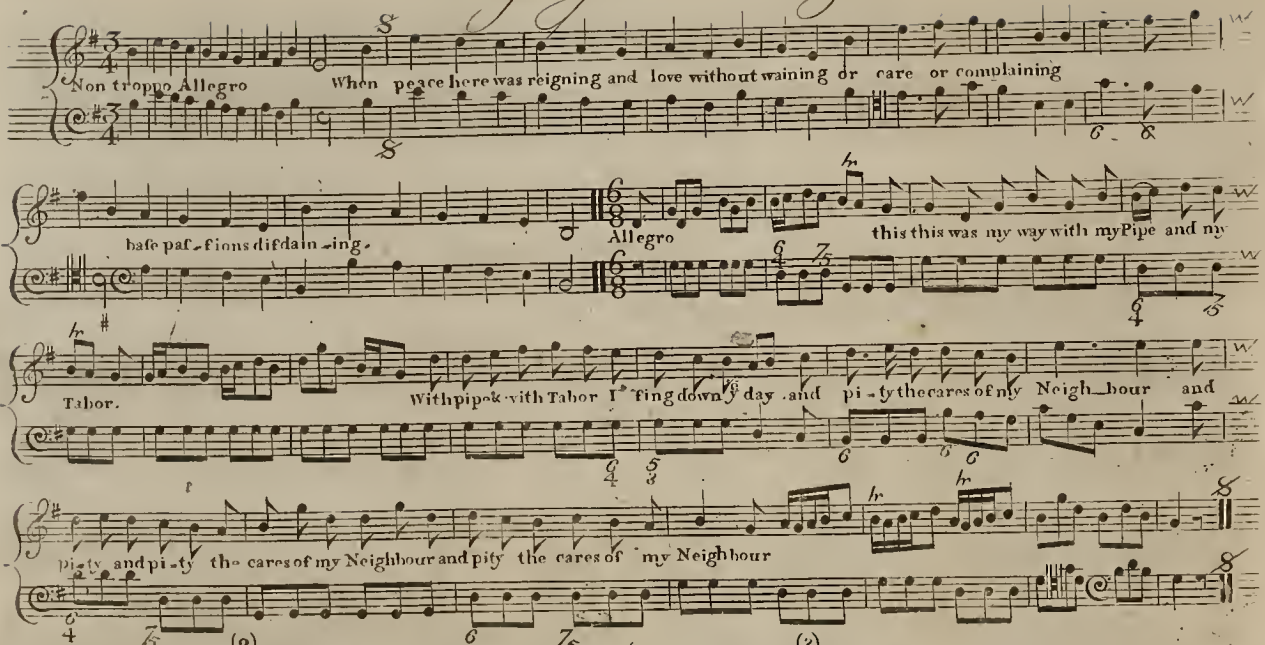

Largo
From
duty If the shep herd Stray and leave his flocks to feed The Wolfe will seize the harm-less
Prey and In-no-cence muft bleed muft bleed muft bleed and In-no-
-cence muft bleed In me a harm less Lamb behold op-preft with doubts and


fears. In me a harm lefs Lamb behold, op--preft with doubt and
fears Oh! guard good thep-pherd guard your fold for wick----ed wolves are near Oh!
Guard good thep--herd guard your fold for Wicked wicked Wolves are near - - - - - - - - for
wick------ed Wolves are near

Sung by Mr. King


Allegro
Sing high derry derry sing high derry derry the day is our own the day is our own be wife and be merry be wife and be merry be
wife and be merry be wife and be merry let Sorrow a lone let Sorrow a lone After your tone after your tone to
high derry derry be wife and be merry the day is our own the day is our own to high derry derry be wife and be merry the
day is our own the day is our own the day is our own the day is our own.

Sung by Mr. King


Non troppo Allegro
When peace here was reigning and love without waining or care or complaining
bafe paf-fions difdain-ing.
Allegro
this this was my way with my Pipe and my
Tabor.
With pipe & with Tabor I fing down y day and pi-ty the cares of my Neigh-bour and
pi-ty and pi-ty the cares of my Neighbour and pity the cares of my Neighbour

(2)

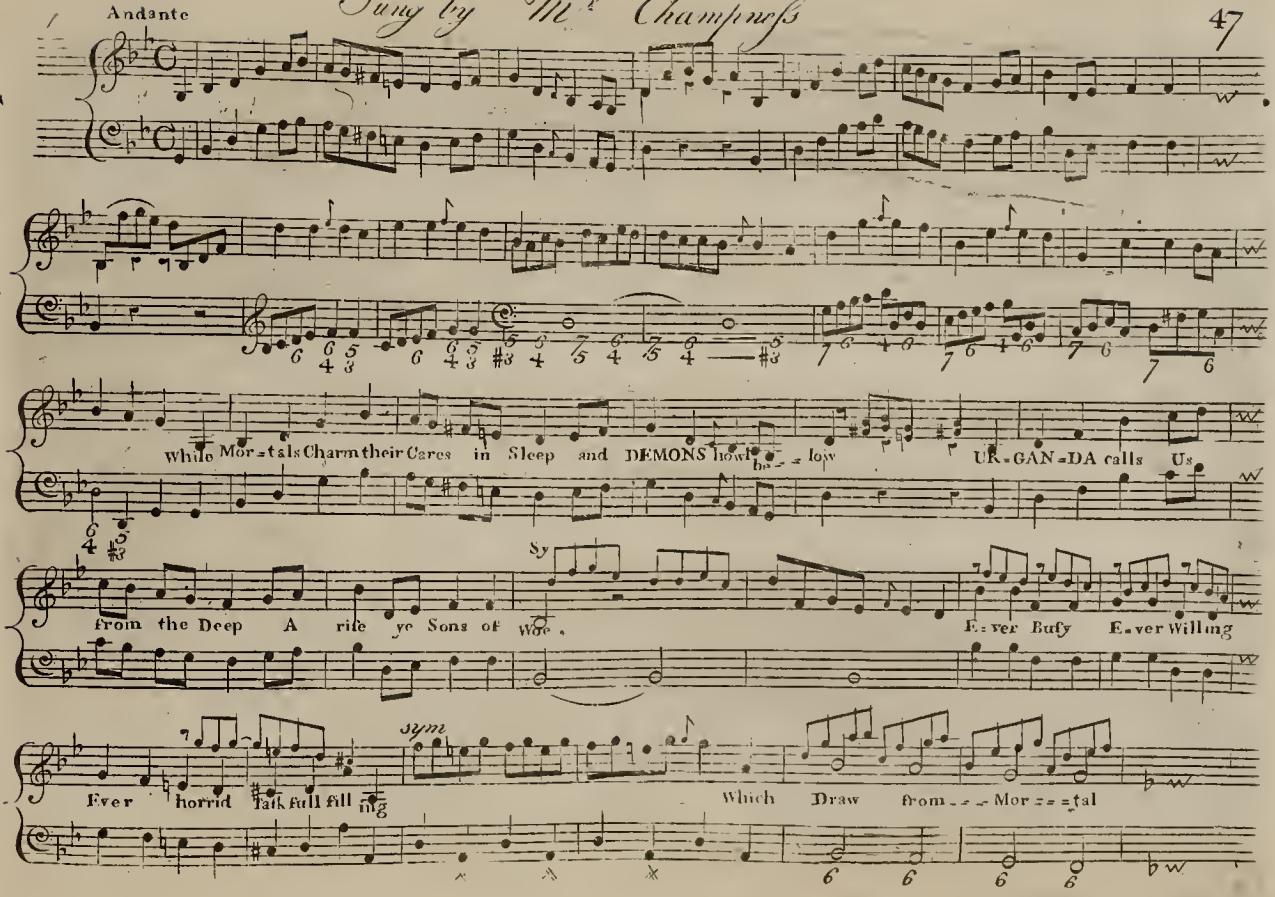
Now fad Tranſformation,
Runs thro the Whole Nation,
Peace love recreation
All changd to Vexation
This this is my way
With my Pipe and my Tabor
I ſing down the day
And pity the cares of my Neighbour.

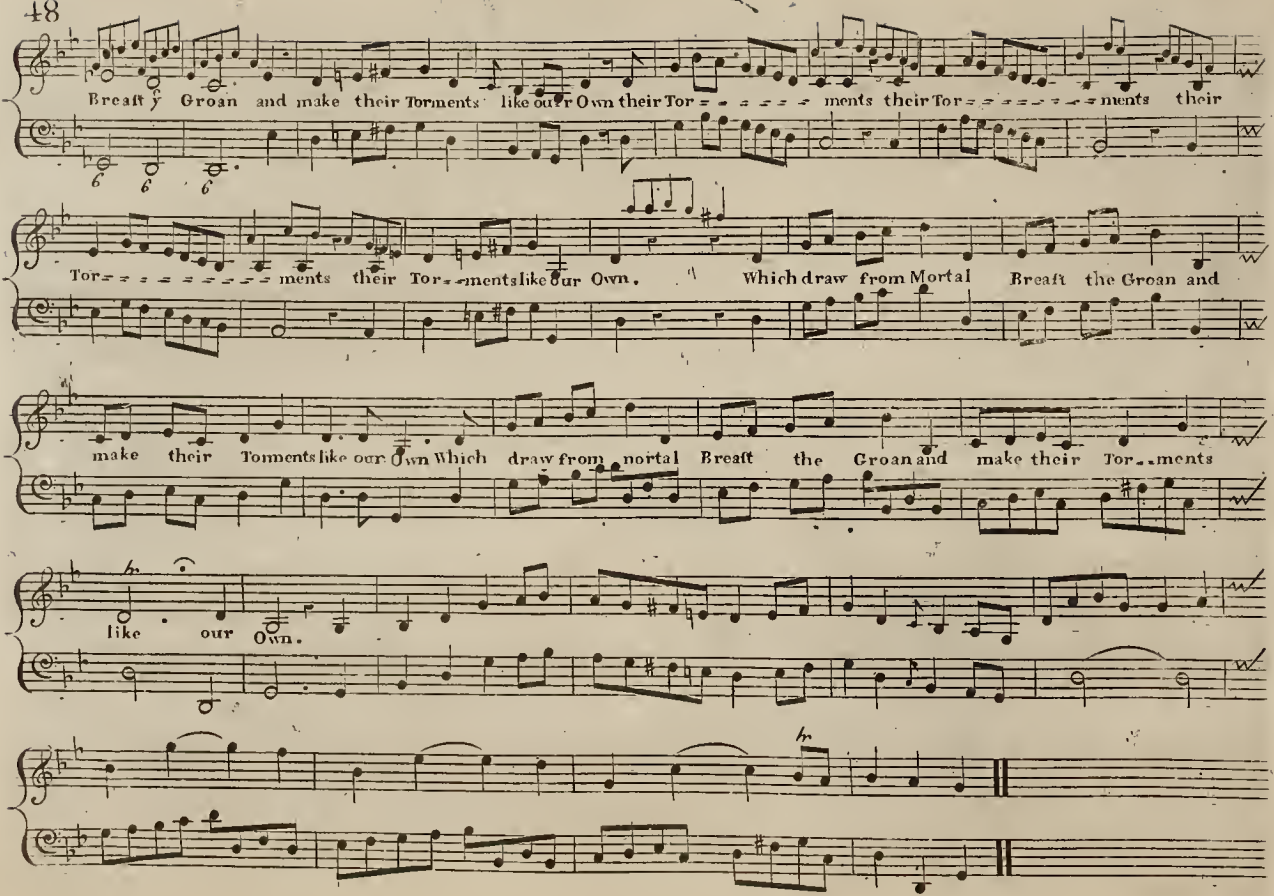
(3)

While all are deſigning
Their friends undermining
Reviling repining
To miſchief inclining
This this is my way
With my Pipe and my Tabor
I ſing down the day
And pity the cares of my Neighbour.

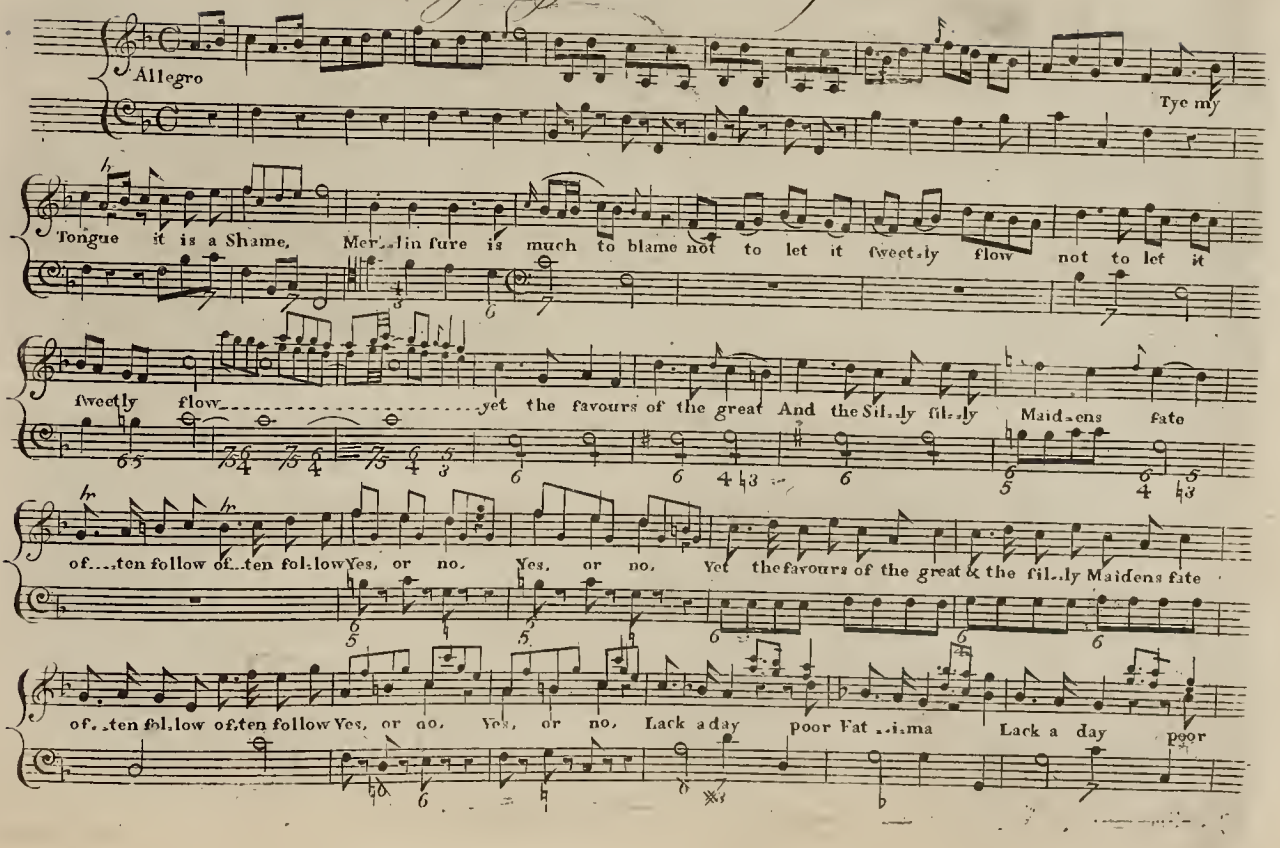
Andante

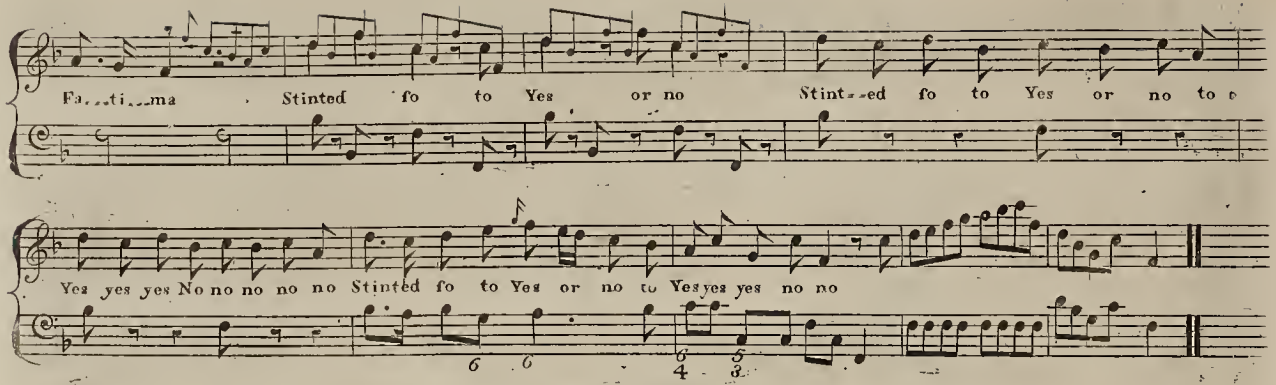
Sung by Mr. Champness


While Mor=tals Charm their Cares in Sleep and DEMONS howl be=low
UR=GAN=DA calls Us
Sy
from the Deep A rite ye Sons of Woe.
E=ver Busy E=ver Willing
sym
Ever horrid Talk full fill ing
Which Draw from Mor=tal


Breaft y Groan and make their Torments like our Own their Tor = = = = = ments their Tor = = = = = = = ments their
Tor = = = = = = = = ments their Tor = ments like our Own. Which draw from Mortal Breaft the Groan and
make their Torments like our Own Which draw from mortal Breaft the Groan and make their Tor = ments
like our Own.

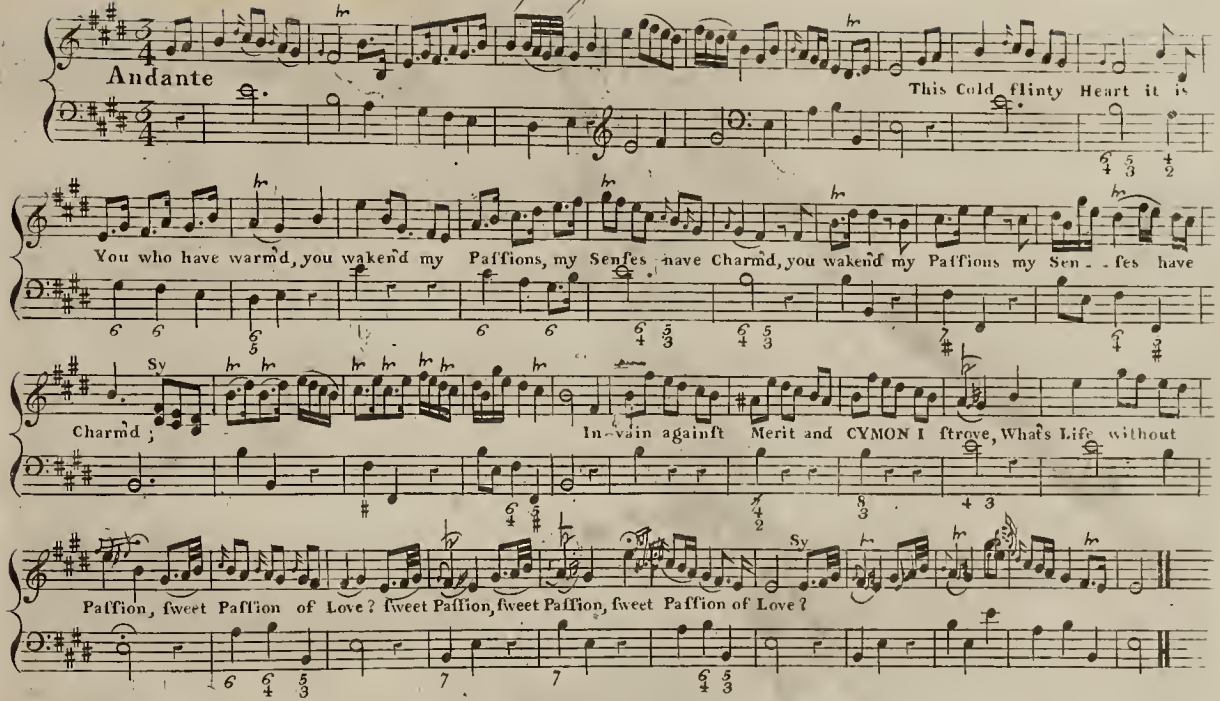
Sung by Mrs Abington


Allegro
Tye my
Tongue it is a Shame, Merlin fure is much to blame not to let it fweetly flow not to let it
fweetly flow yet the favours of the great And the Silly filly Maidens fate
often follow often follow Yes, or no, Yes, or no, Yet the favours of the great & the filly Maidens fate
often follow often follow Yes, or no, Yes, or no, Lack a day poor Fat ima Lack a day poor



(2)

Should I want to talk and Chat,
Tell URCANDA this or that,
How should I about it Go,
Let her ask me what she will,
I must keep my Clapper still,
Striking only Yes or no,
Lack aday,
Poor FATAMA,
Stinted so,
To Yes or no.


Andante
This Cold flinty Heart it is
You who have warmd, you wakend my Paſſions, my Senſes have Charmd, you wakend my Paſſions my Sen - ſes have
Charmd ;
In vain againſt Merit and CYMON I ſtrove, Whats Life without
Paſſion, ſweet Paſſion of Love? ſweet Paſſion, ſweet Paſſion, ſweet Paſſion of Love?

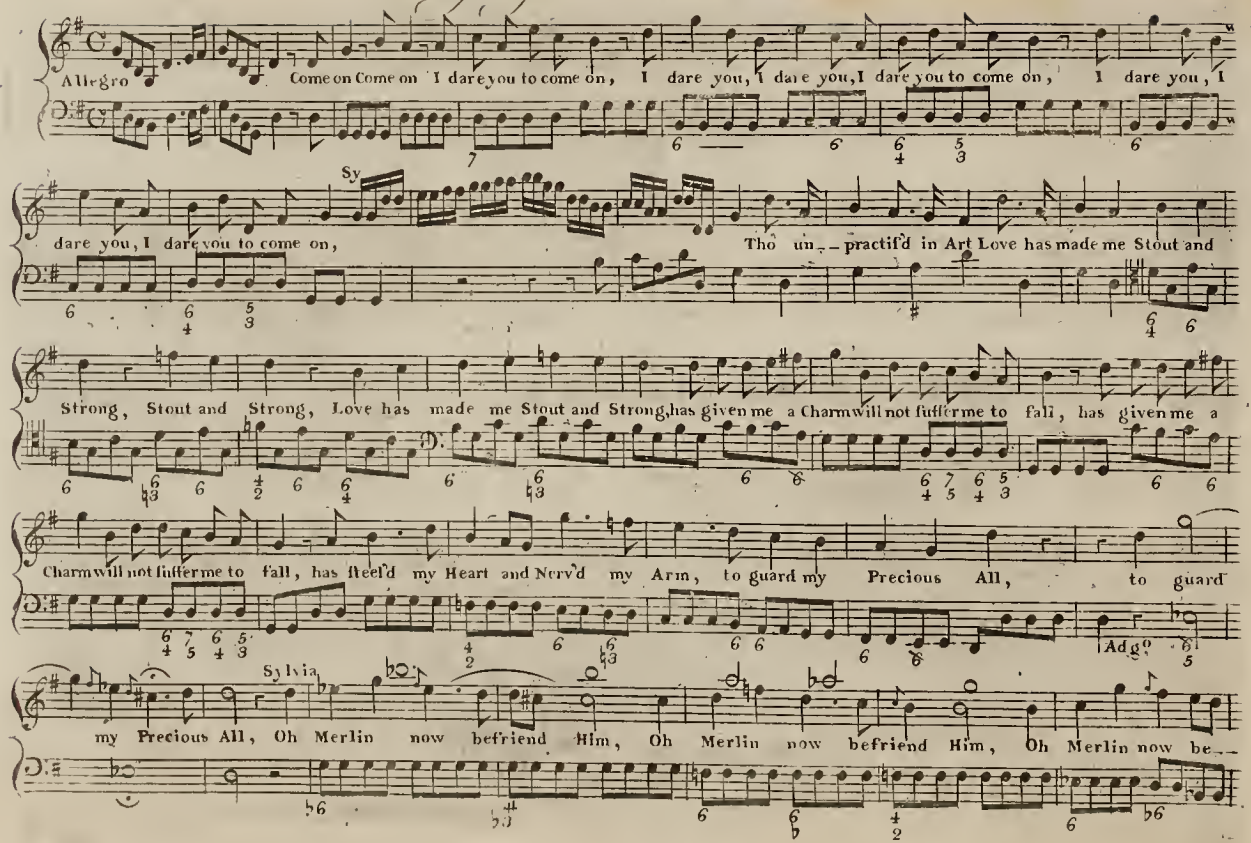
(2)

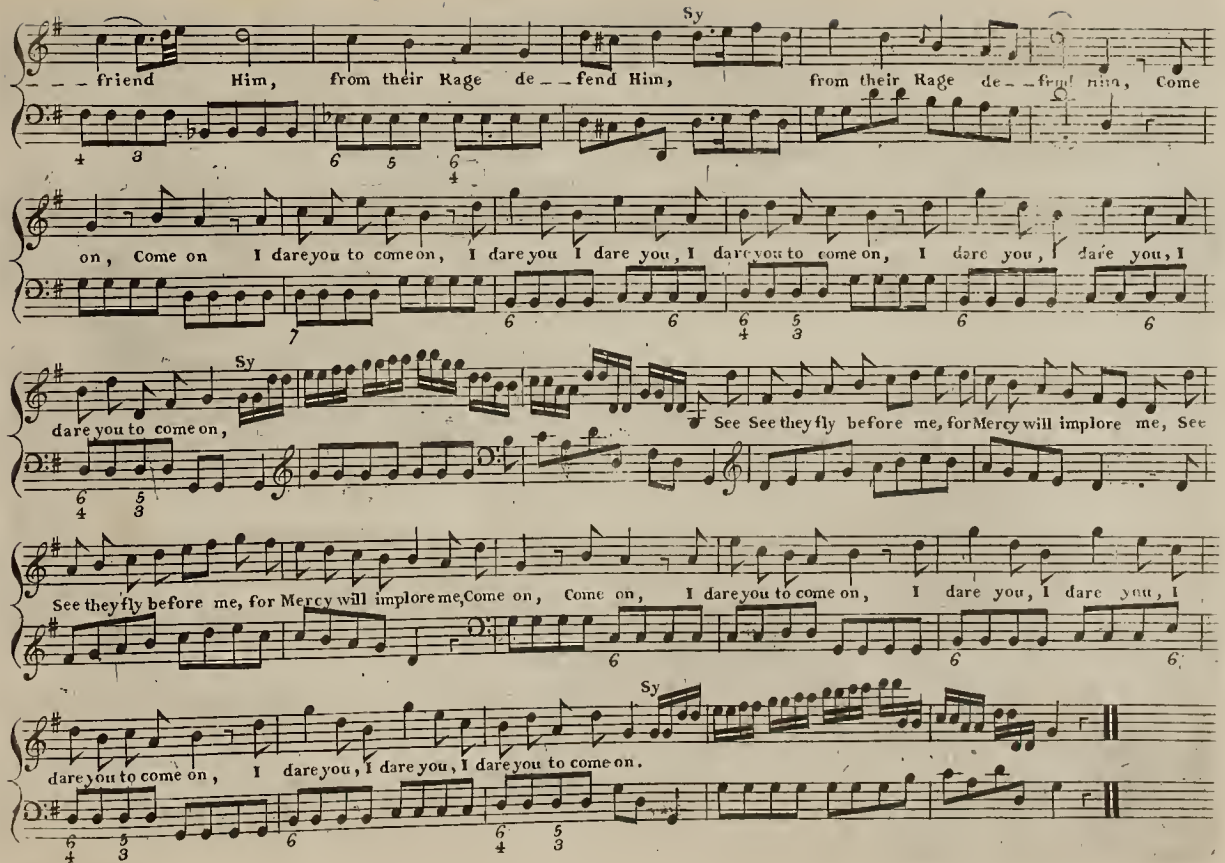
The Froſt nips the Bud, and the Roſe cannot blow,
From Youth that is Froſt nipt no raptures can flow,
Elyſium to him but a Deſert will prove,
Whats Life without Paſſion — ſweet Paſſion of Love?

(3)

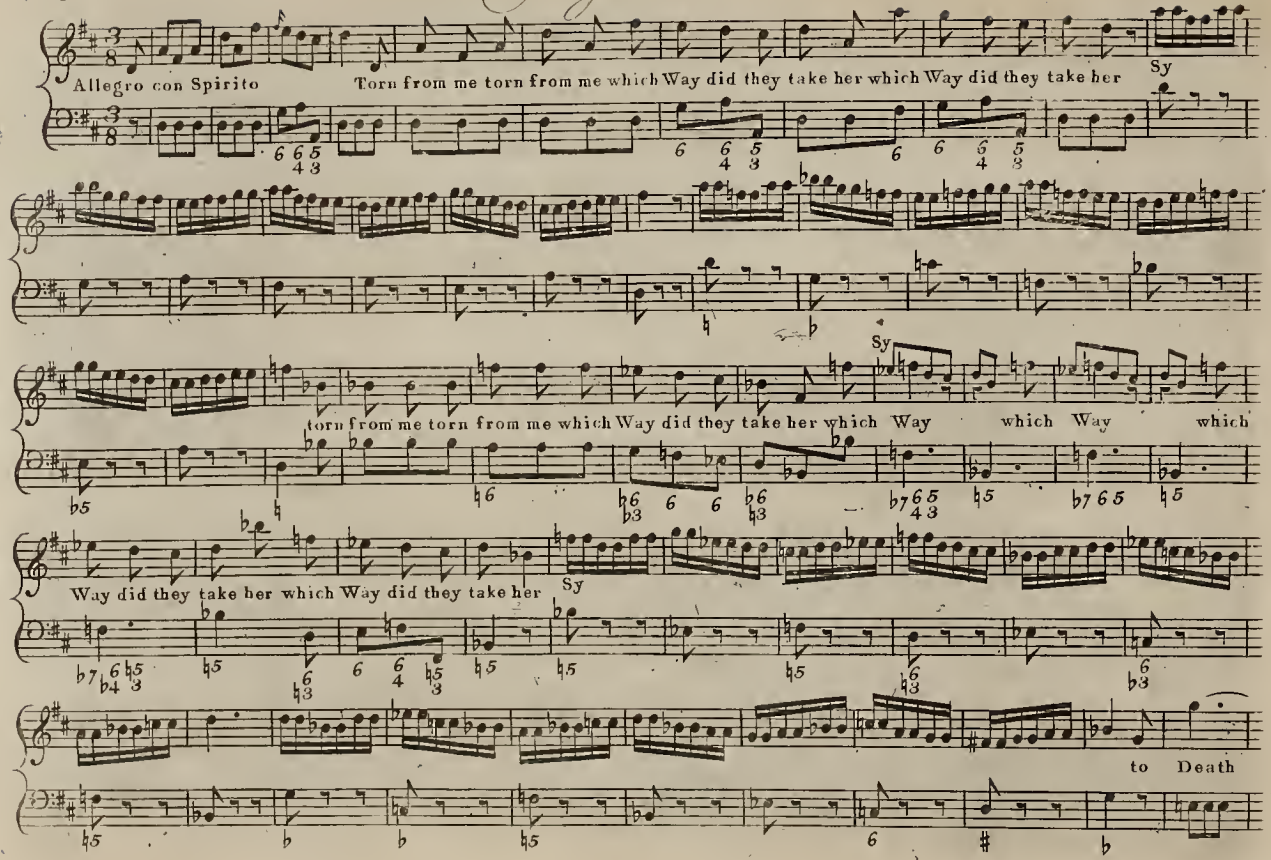
The Spring ſhould be warm, the young Seaſon be gay,
Her Birds and her flowrets make blithſome ſweet May,
Love bleſſes the Cottage, and Sings thro the Grove,
Whats Life without Paſſion — ſweet Paſſion of Love?

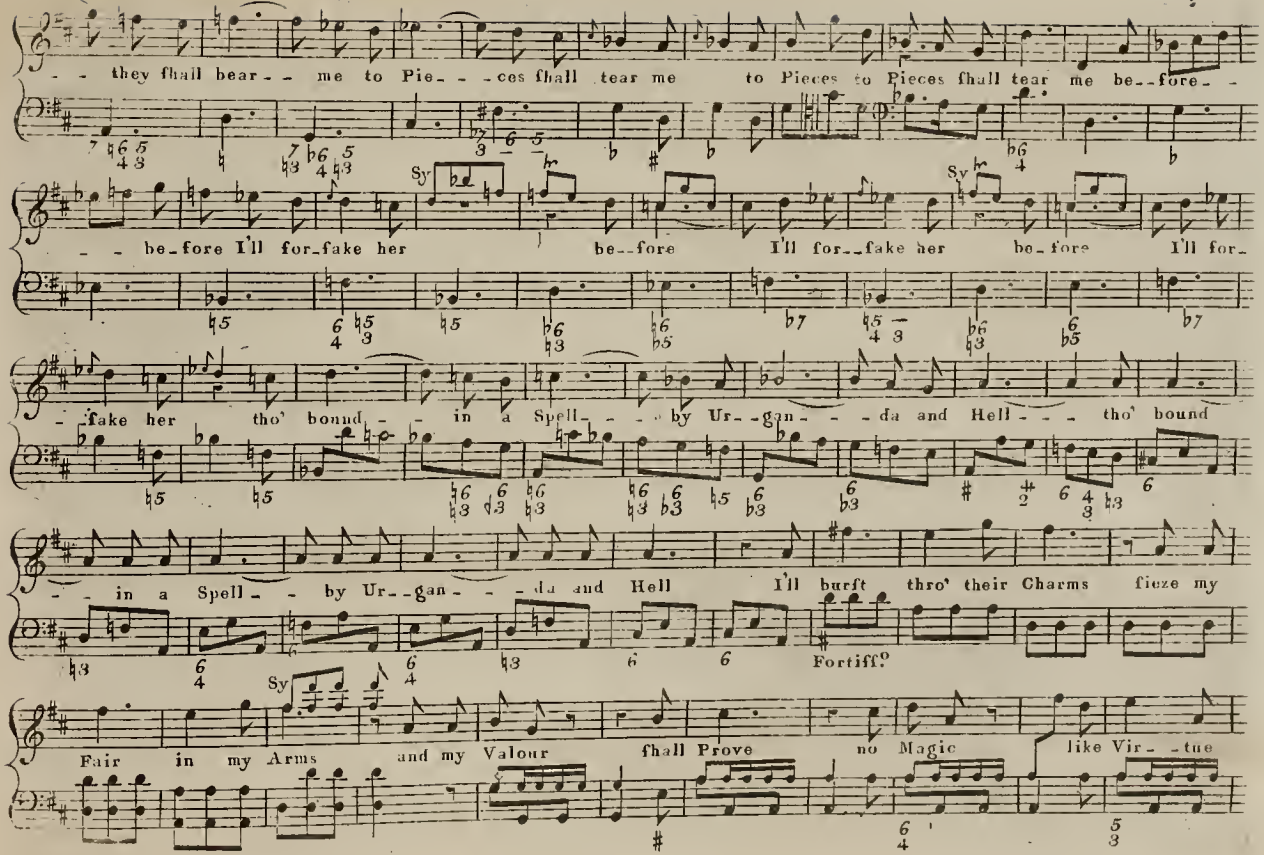
Sung by Mr Vernon

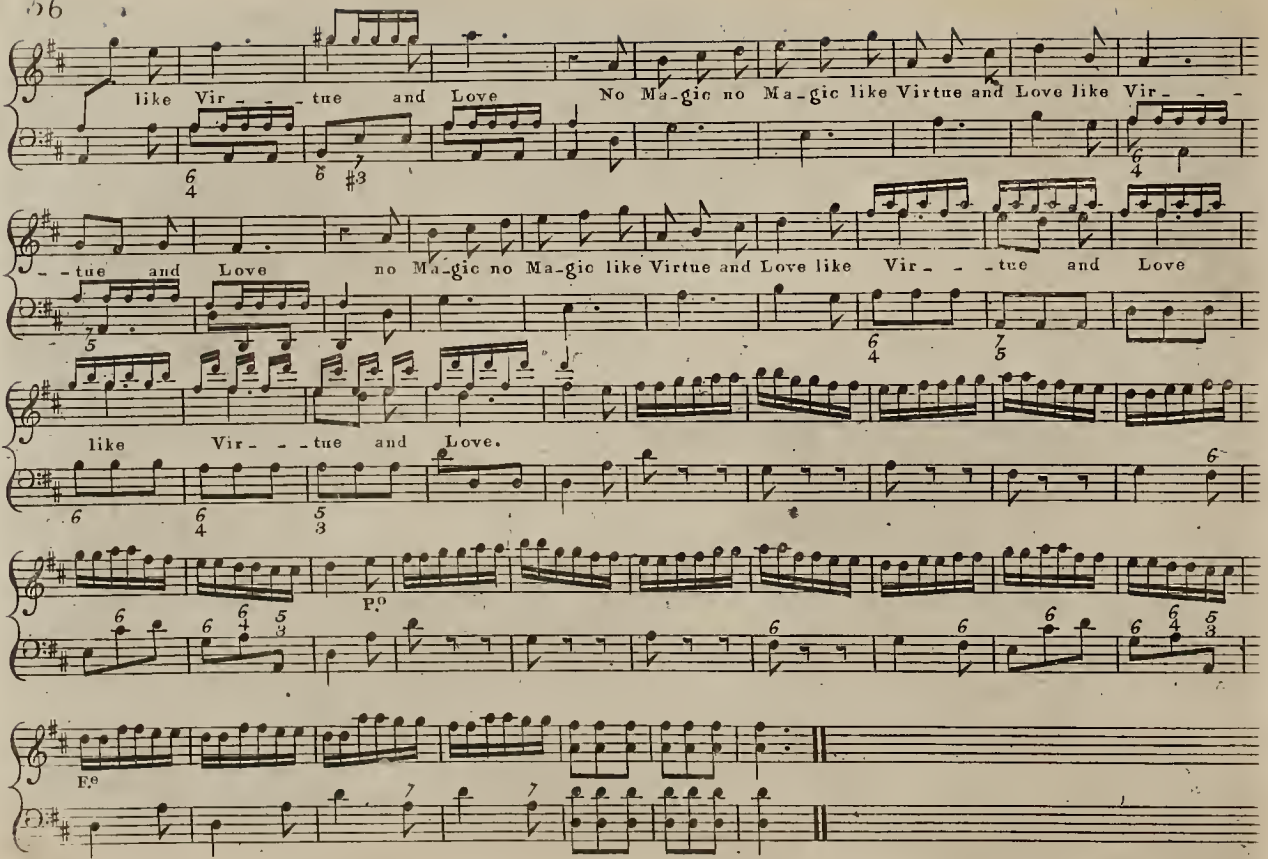

Allegro
Come on Come on I dare you to come on, I dare you, I dare you, I dare you to come on, I dare you, I
dare you, I dare you to come on,
Sy
Tho un_ practis'd in Art Love has made me Stout and
Strong, Stout and Strong, Love has made me Stout and Strong, has given me a Charm will not suffer me to fall, has given me a
Charm will not suffer me to fall, has steel'd my Heart and Nerv'd my Arm, to guard my Precious All, to guard
Adg°
Sylvia
my Precious All, Oh Merlin now befriend Him, Oh Merlin now befriend Him, Oh Merlin now be_


Sy
friend Him, from their Rage de – fend Him, from their Rage de – fend him, Come
on, Come on I dare you to come on, I dare you I dare you, I dare you to come on, I dare you, I dare you, I
Sy
dare you to come on,
See See they fly before me, for Mercy will implore me, See
See they fly before me, for Mercy will implore me, Come on, Come on, I dare you to come on, I dare you, I dare you, I
Sy
dare you to come on, I dare you, I dare you, I dare you to come on.

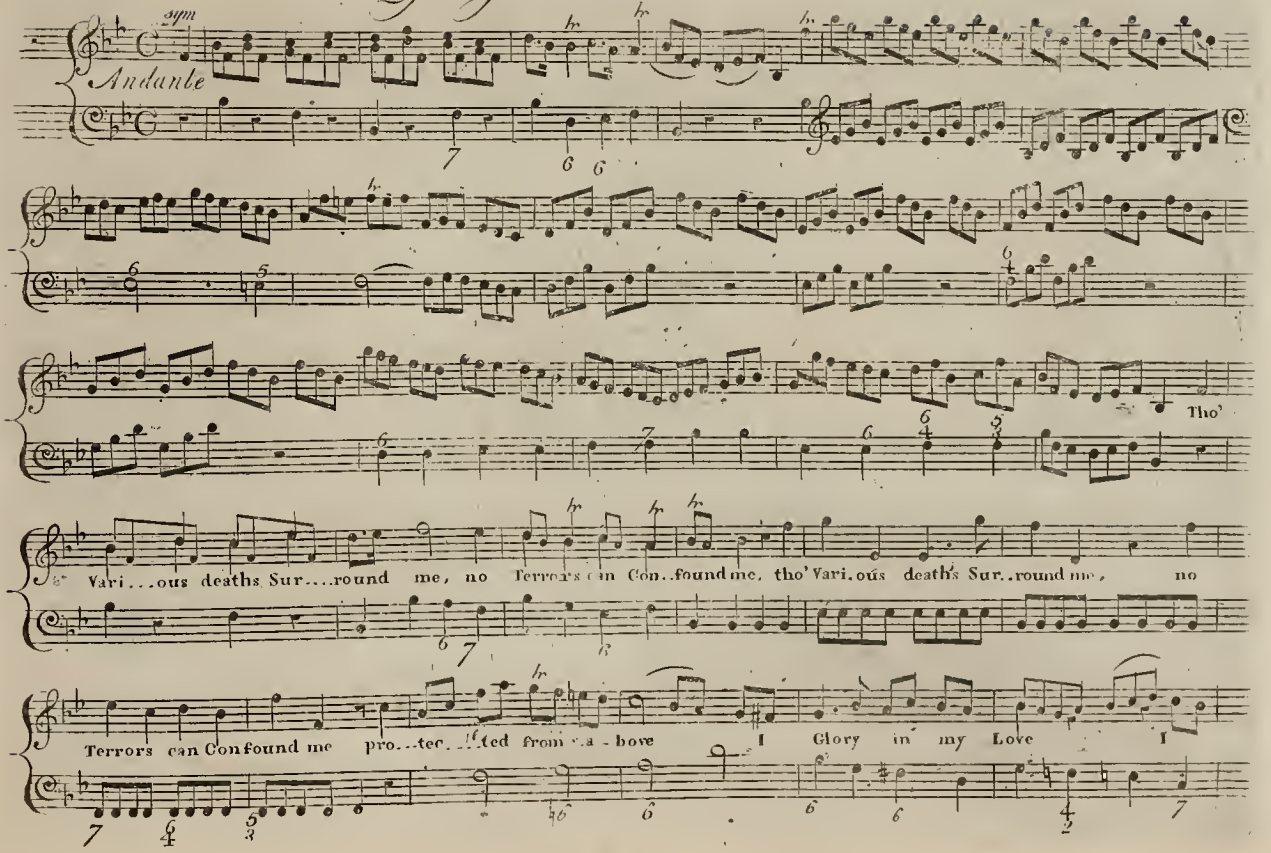
Sung by Mr. Vernon

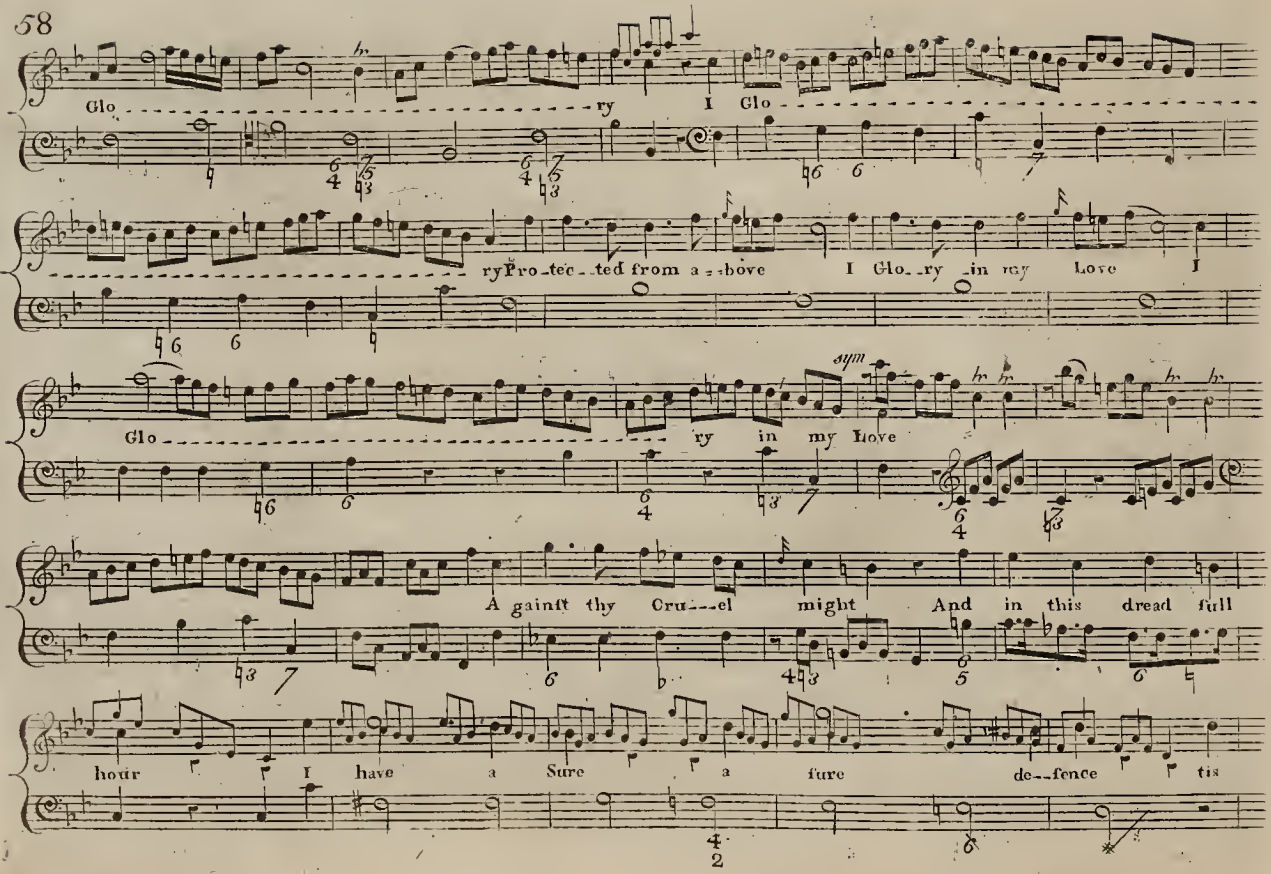

Allegro con Spirito
Torn from me torn from me which Way did they take her which Way did they take her
Sy
torn from me torn from me which Way did they take her which Way which Way which
Sy
Way did they take her which Way did they take her
Sy
to Death

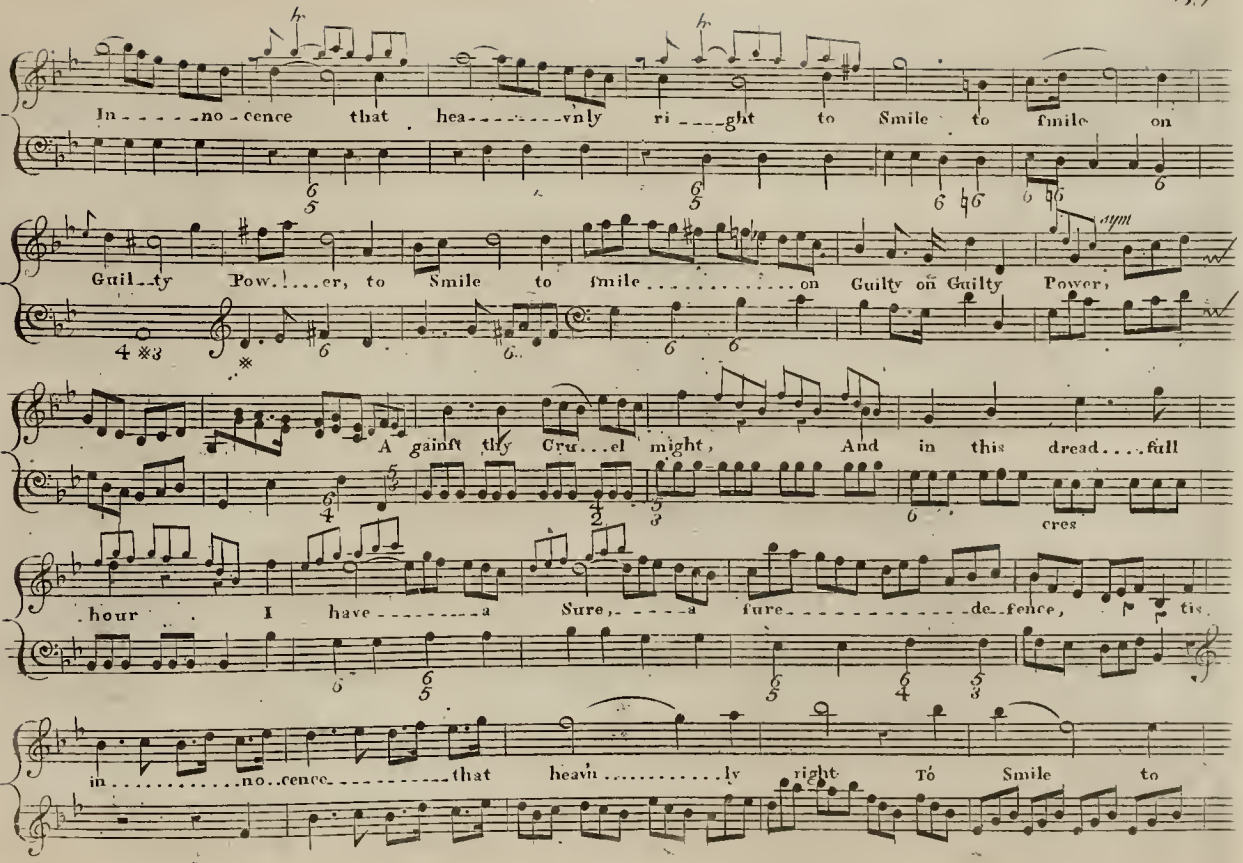

- - they shall bear - - me to Pie - - ces shall tear me to Pieces to Pieces shall tear me be - - fore - -
Sy
- - be - fore I'll for - fake her be - - fore I'll for - - fake her be - fore I'll for -
Sy
- fake her tho' bound - - in a Spell - - - by Ur - - gan - - - da and Hell - - - tho' bound
- - in a Spell - - by Ur - - gan - - - da and Hell I'll burst thro' their Charms fieze my
Fortiff.o
Sy
Fair in my Arms and my Valour shall Prove no Magic like Vir - - tue

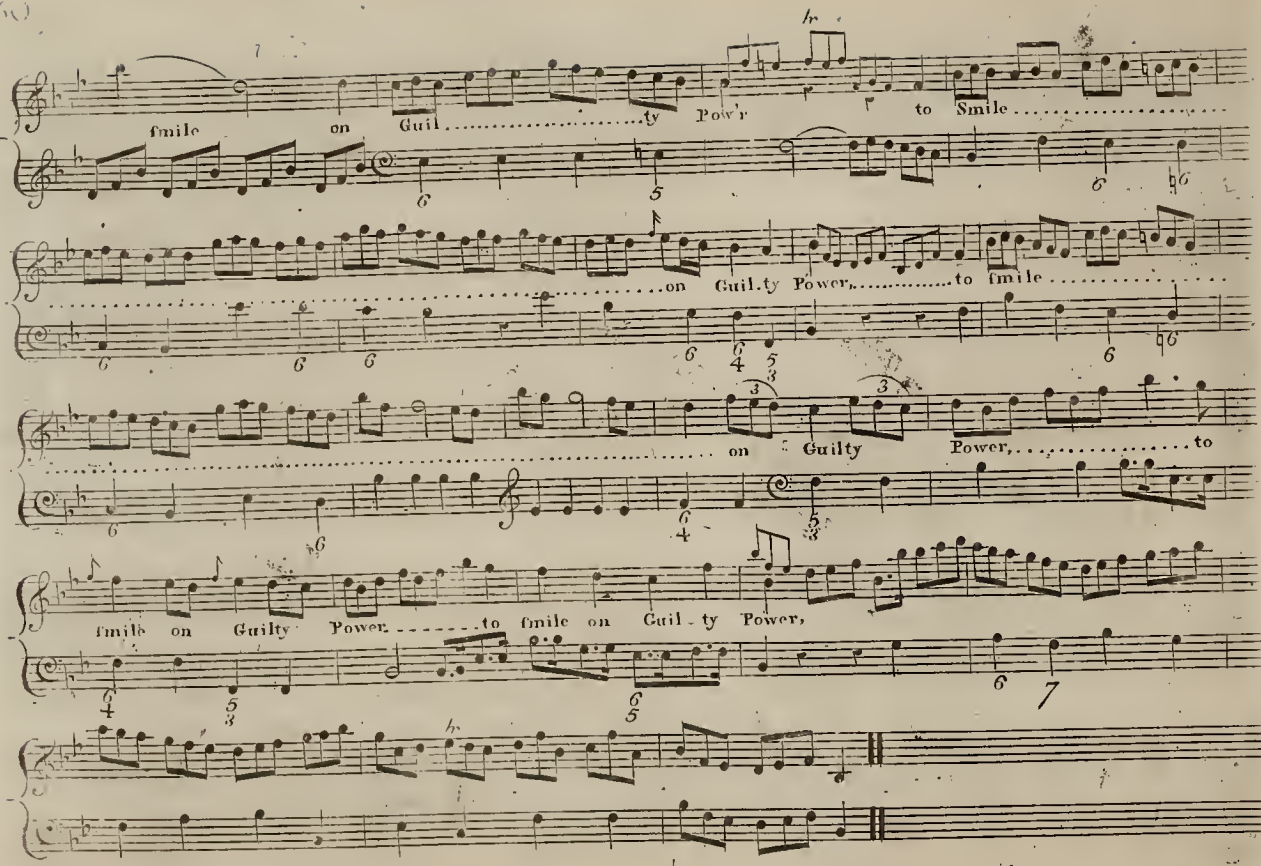

like Vir - - - tue and Love No Ma-gic no Ma-gic like Virtue and Love like Vir - - -
- - tue and Love no Ma-gic no Ma-gic like Virtue and Love like Vir - - - tue and Love
like Vir - - - tue and Love.
P.o
F.e

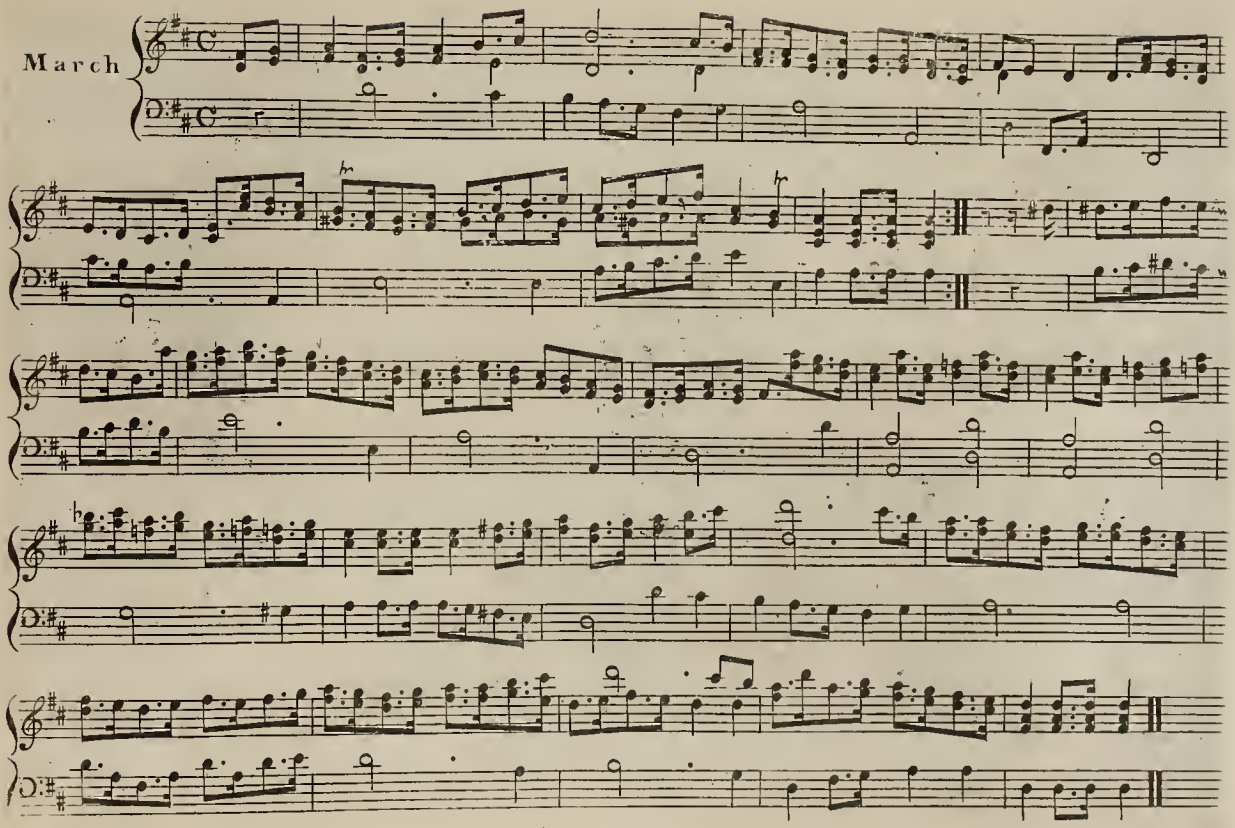
Sung by Mrs Arne


Andante
Tho'
Vari...ous deaths Sur....round me, no Terrors can Con..found me, tho' Vari.ous deaths Sur..round me, no
Terrors can Confound me pro...tec...ted from a - bove I Glory in my Love I


Glo ry I Glo
ryPro-tec-ted from a-bove I Glo-ry in my Love I
Glo ry in my Love
A gainſt thy Cru---el might And in this dread full
hour I have a Sure a ſure de--fence tis

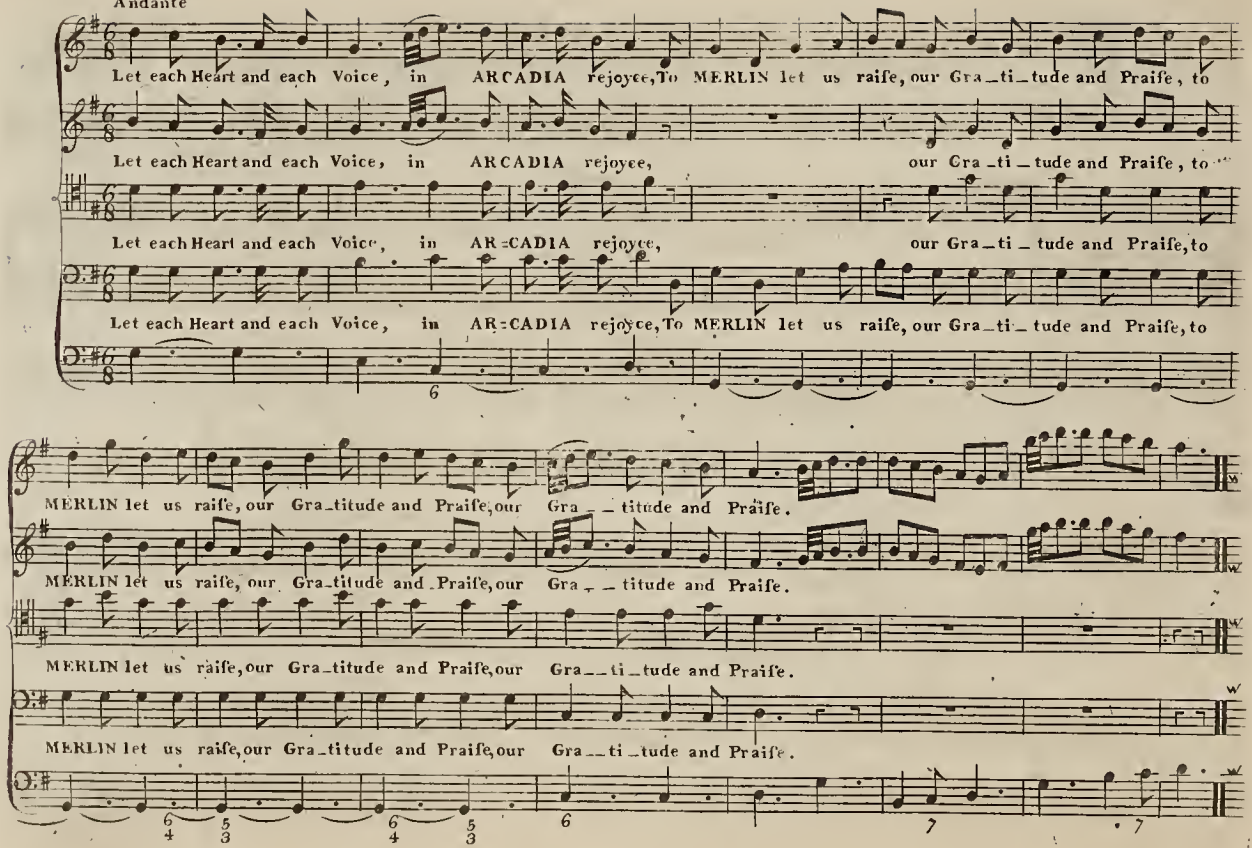

In - - - - - no - cence that hea - - - - - vnly ri - - - - ght to Smile to fmile on
Guil - ty Pow. - - - er, to Smile to fmile - - - - - - - - - - - on Guilty on Guilty Power,
A gainft thy Cru - - el might, And in this dread - - - full
cres
hour I have - - - - - - - a Sure, - - - - a fure - - - - - - - - - - - - de - fence, 'tis
in - - - - - - - - - - no - cence - - - - - - - - - that heavn - - - - - - - - - - ly right To Smile to

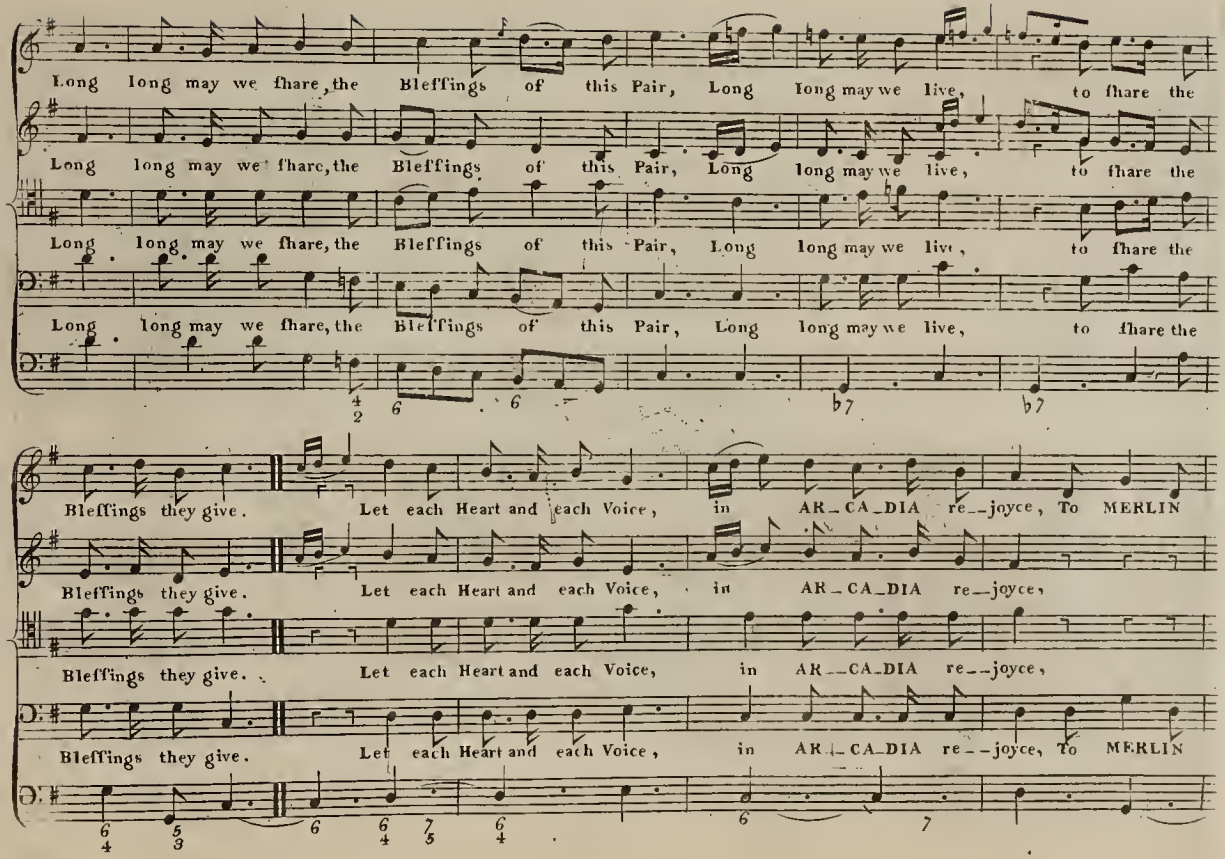

fmile on Guil ty Pow'r to Smile
on Guil.ty Power, to fmile
on Guilty Power, to
fmile on Guilty Power, to fmile on Guil . ty Power,

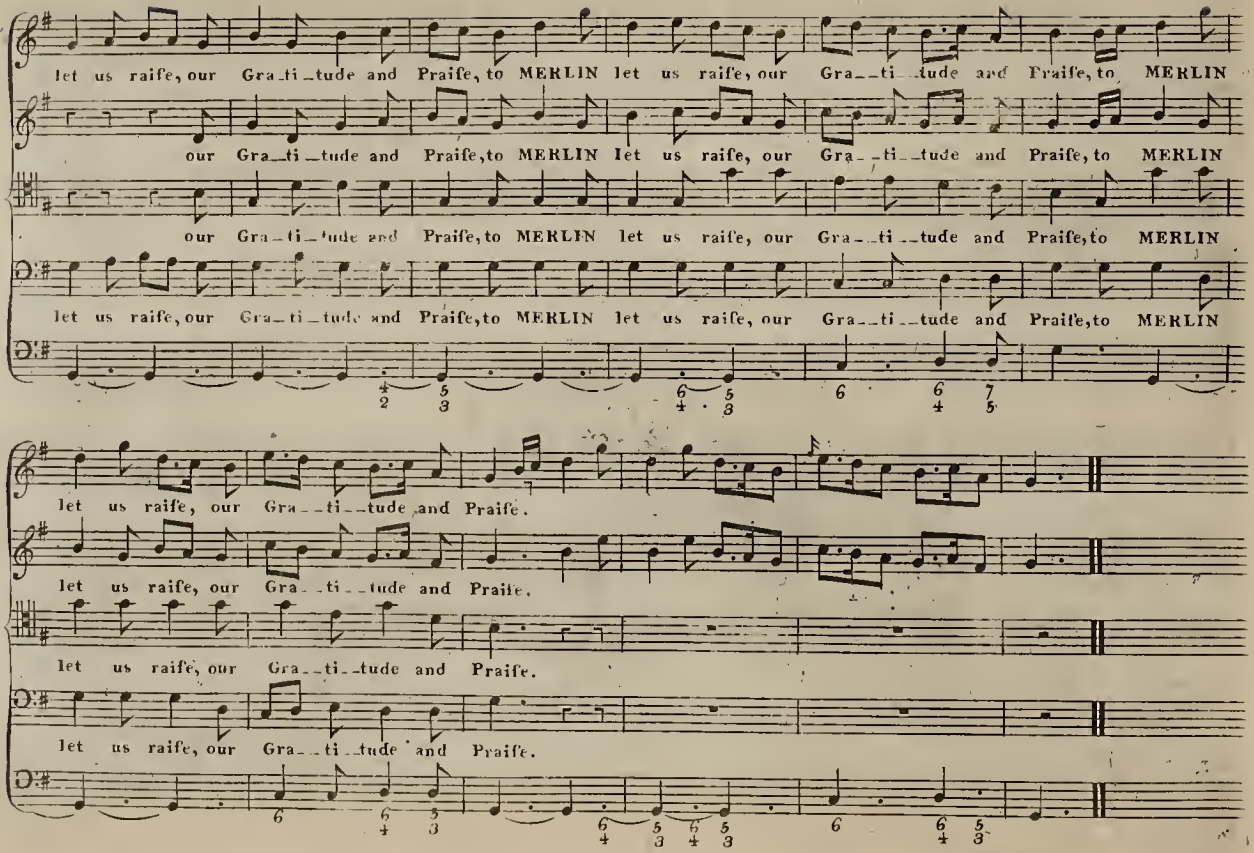

March

Chorus

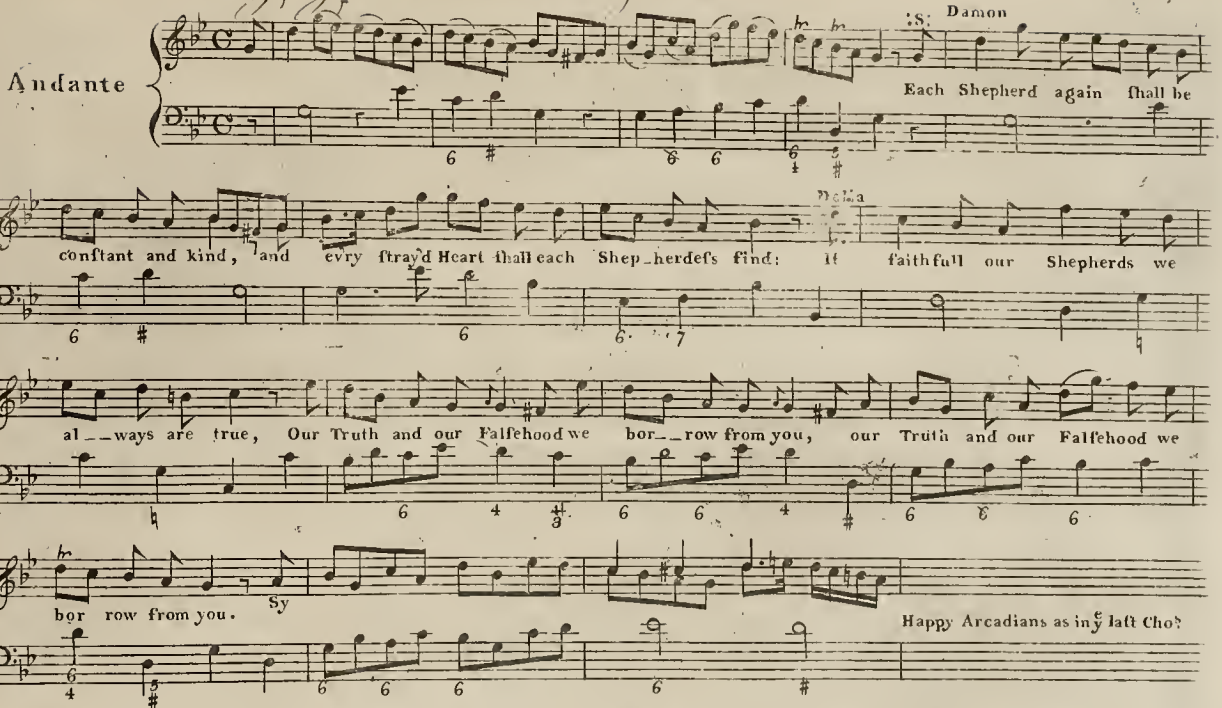
Andante


Let each Heart and each Voice, in ARCADIA rejoyce, To MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to
Let each Heart and each Voice, in ARCADIA rejoyce, our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to
Let each Heart and each Voice, in AR=CADIA rejoyce, our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to
Let each Heart and each Voice, in AR=CADIA rejoyce, To MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to
MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra_titude and Praiſe, our Gra_titude and Praiſe.
MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra_titude and Praiſe, our Gra_titude and Praiſe.
MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra_titude and Praiſe, our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe.
MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra_titude and Praiſe, our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe.


Long long may we ſhare, the Bleſſings of this Pair, Long long may we live, to ſhare the
Long long may we ſhare, the Bleſſings of this Pair, Long long may we live, to ſhare the
Long long may we ſhare, the Bleſſings of this Pair, Long long may we live, to ſhare the
Long long may we ſhare, the Bleſſings of this Pair, Long long may we live, to ſhare the
Bleſſings they give. Let each Heart and each Voice, in AR_CA_DIA re__joyce, To MERLIN
Bleſſings they give. Let each Heart and each Voice, in AR_CA_DIA re__joyce,
Bleſſings they give. Let each Heart and each Voice, in AR__CA_DIA re__joyce,
Bleſſings they give. Let each Heart and each Voice, in AR_CA_DIA re__joyce, To MERLIN


let us raiſe, our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN
our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN
our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN
let us raiſe, our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN
let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe.
let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe.
let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe.
let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe.

Sung by Mr. Fawcet & Mrs. Berman

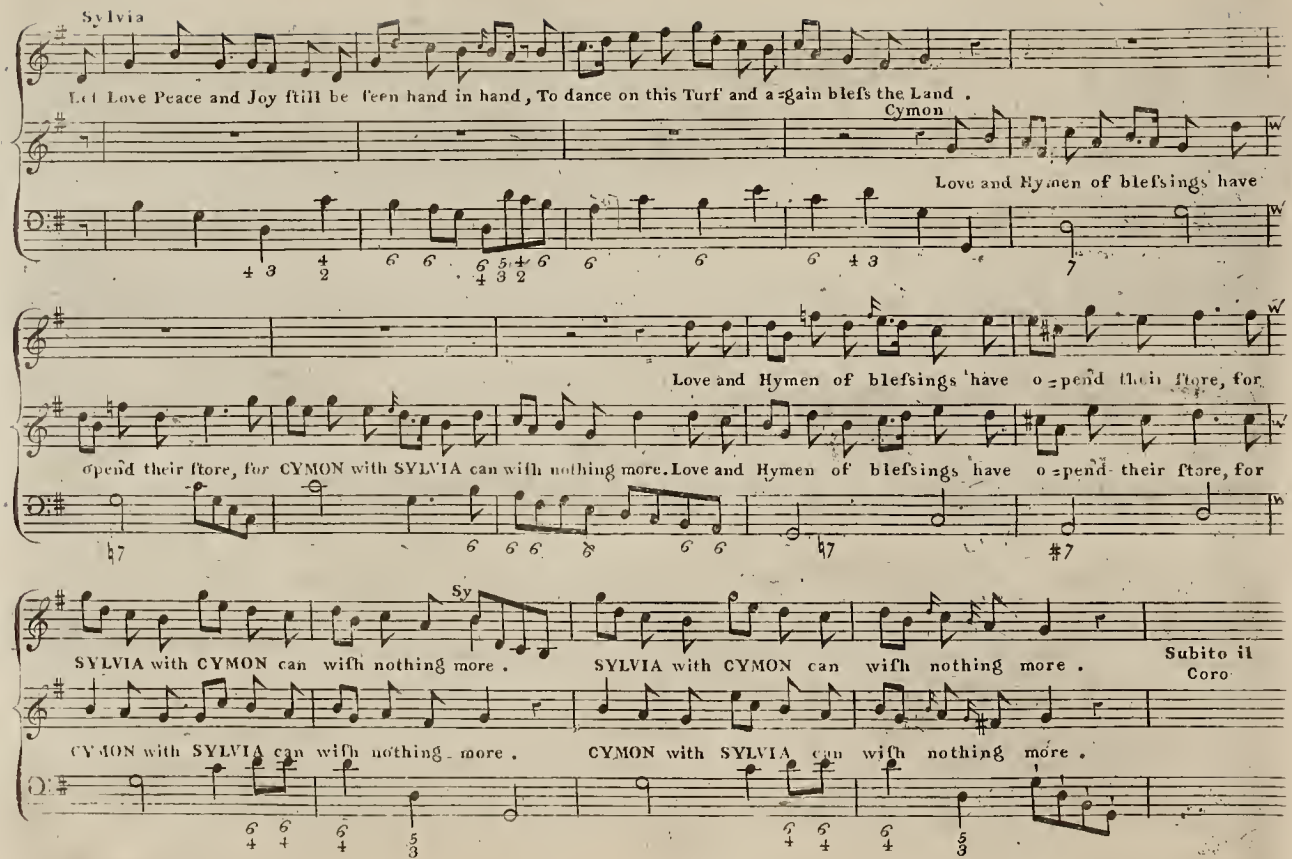

Andante
:S: Damon
Each Shepherd again ſhall be
Delia
conſtant and kind, and evry ſtray'd Heart ſhall each Shep_herdeſs find: If faithfull our Shepherds we
al__ways are true, Our Truth and our Falſehood we bor__row from you, our Truth and our Falſehood we
bor row from you.
Sy
Happy Arcadians as in

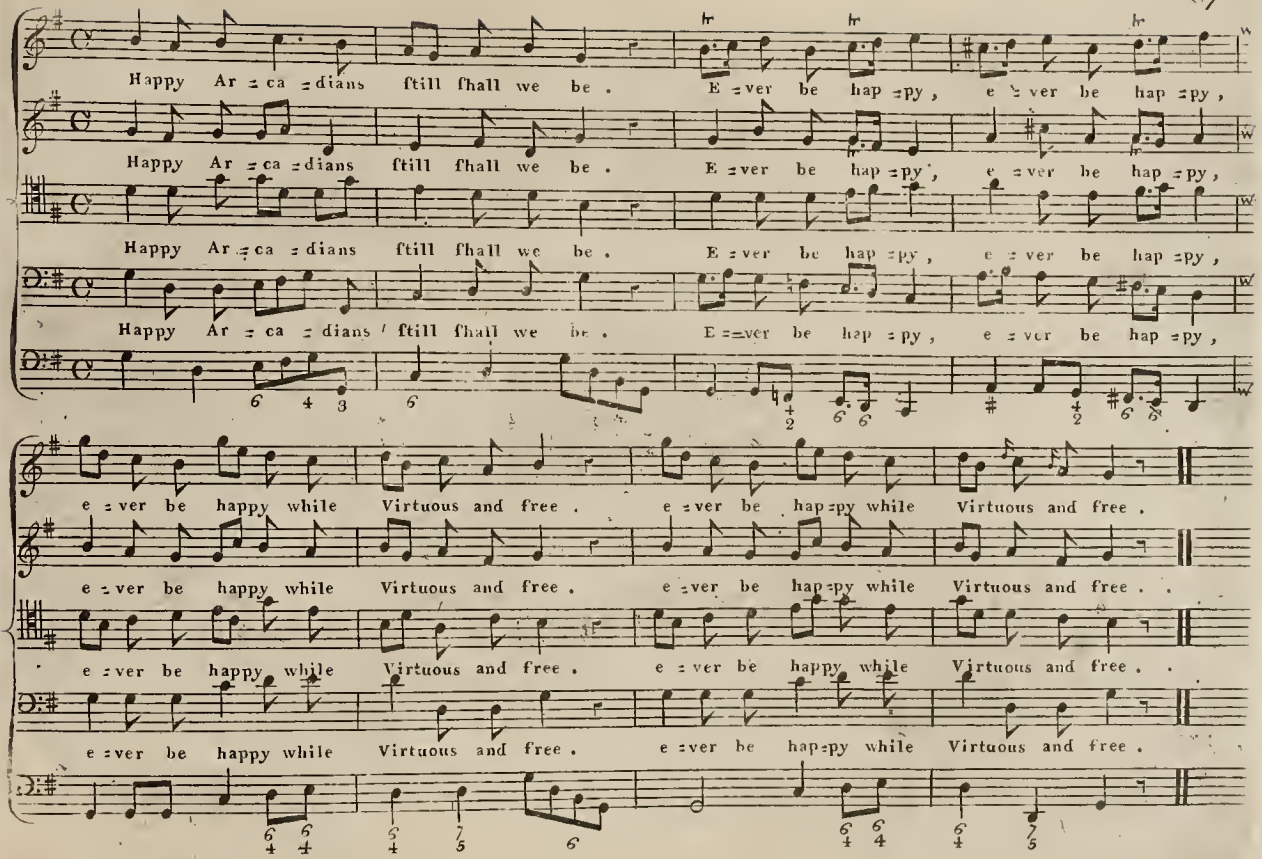
Fatima.

Let thoſe who the Sword and the Ballance muſt hold,
To Intereſt be blind and to Beauty be cold,
When Juſtice has Eyes her Integrity fails,
Her Sword becomes blunted and down drops her Scales.
Choʳ Happy Arcadian &c.

Linco.

The Bliſs of your Heart no rude Care ſhall moleſt,
While innocent Mirth is your Boſom's ſweet Gueſt,
Of that happy Pair let us Worthy be ſeen,
Love Honour and Copy your King and your Queen.
Choʳ Happy Arcadian &c.


Sylvia
Let Love Peace and Joy ſtill be ſeen hand in hand, To dance on this Turf and a=gain bleſs the Land .
Cymon
Love and Hymen of bleſsings have
Love and Hymen of bleſsings have o=pend their ſtore, for
o=pend their ſtore, for CYMON with SYLVIA can wiſh nothing more. Love and Hymen of bleſsings have o=pend their ſtore, for
Sy
SYLVIA with CYMON can wiſh nothing more .
SYLVIA with CYMON can wiſh nothing more .
Subito il Coro
CYMON with SYLVIA can wiſh nothing more .
CYMON with SYLVIA can wiſh nothing more .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e = ver be happy while Virtuous and free . e = ver be hap = py while Virtuous and free .
e = ver be happy while Virtuous and free . e = ver be hap = py while Virtuous and free .
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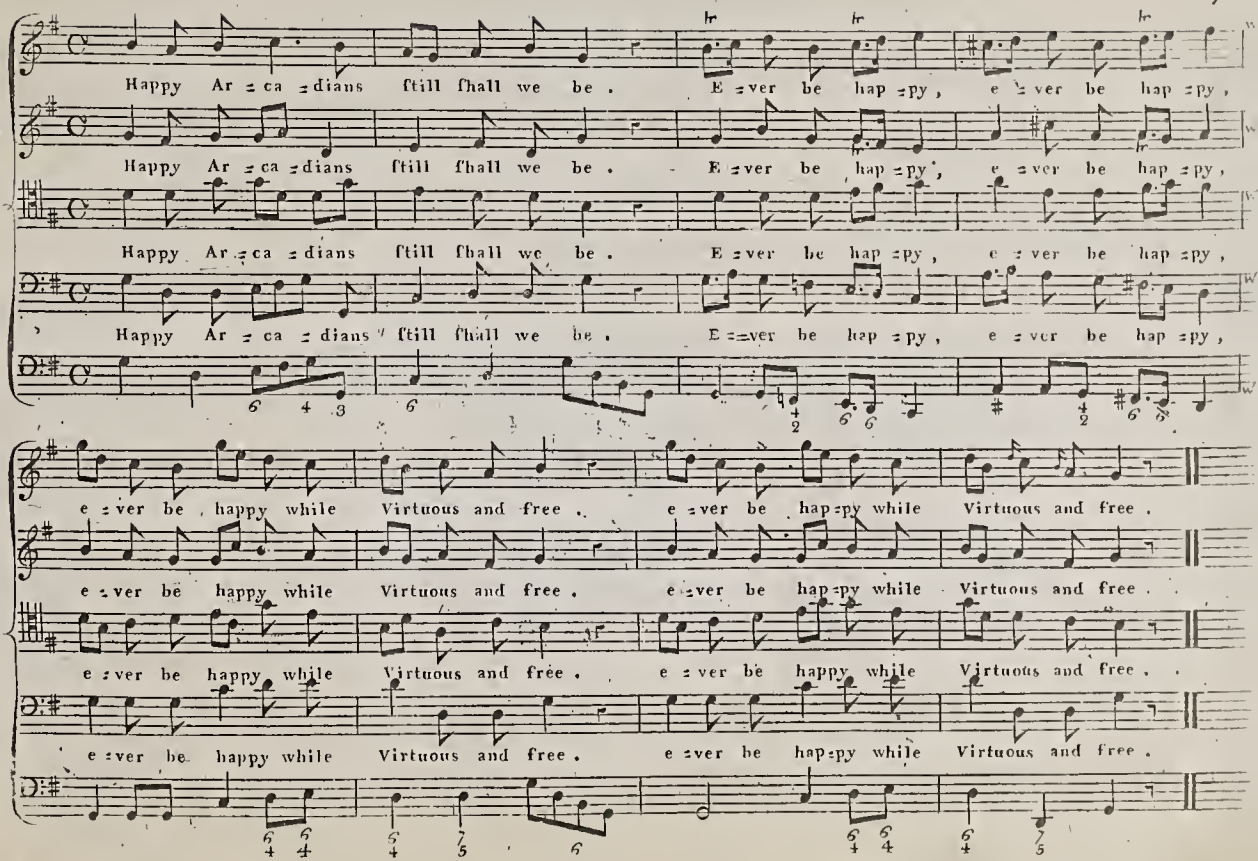
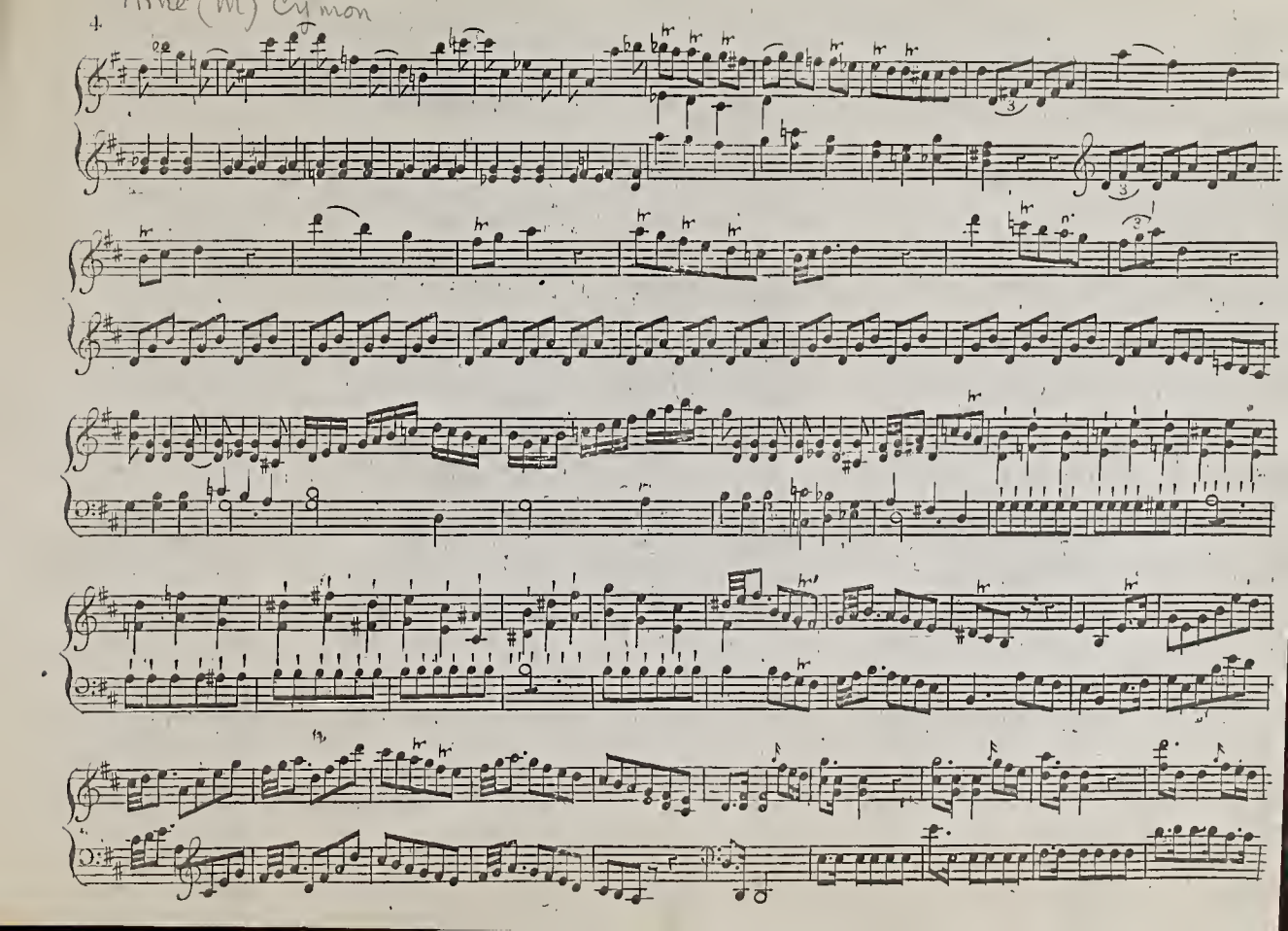
e = ver be happy while Virtuous and free . e = ver be hap = py while Virtuous and free .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e = ver be happy while Virtuous and free . e = ver be hap = py while Virtuous and free .